

spare

Rib

women's news magazine August

17½p



Pubs and the single girl

Short story by Margaret Drabble

Could your husband leave you bankrupt?

Mary Stott on White Weddings

Germaine Greer, the column the Sunday Times refused

Prostitution: For the love of Money

RELEASE

A stylized illustration featuring a white dove in flight, wings spread, positioned centrally over a textured globe. The globe is surrounded by several fluffy white clouds. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of small circles.

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In Our Own Write



Dear Spare Rib:

The Watford Women's Liberation Group are campaigning for the Anti-Discrimination Bill which seeks to end discrimination against women in employment, training and education.

Anyone, any group, interested in working for the campaign can send a large, stamped addressed envelope for petition forms which we have printed. You will also receive our information sheets which point out the importance of sending evidence of discrimination to the Anti-Discrimination Board.

Those who would like to distribute the information sheets as well as collect signatures are invited to write to the address below. Because the date of the Bill is uncertain, we should be grateful if

anyone getting in touch with us can include the s.a.e. so that they can be informed quickly about further final arrangements on where to send signed petition forms etc. So please send:

- 1) large s.a.e. for petition forms
- 2) two s.a.e.'s for any immediate information we may want to pass on and for finalising the campaign
- 3) postage for parcel of information sheets (12p per 100 sheets) if required for mass distribution.

The petition will be presented to Parliament as near as possible to the date of the Bill. Raphael Tick (MP for Watford) hopes to place the petition before the House of Commons and has asked us what we should like him to say on our behalf. We are interested in hearing about any cases of discrimination and we would welcome contributions towards the cost of the campaign.

National Petition for Anti-Discrimination Bill

Watford Women's Liberation Group

148 Bushey Mill Lane, Watford Herts.


Address all letters and correspondence to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh St, London W1A 4XS. If you want a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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What's Up Kids

MESSAGE FROM ARKMAE.

by W. Towrie Cutt

Published by Andre Deutsch £1.05

A book of excitement, adventure and interest based on how the boys Mansie and Archie find themselves whirled in to an unknown world of the Finman, who happens to be the last of his kind.

They find no way out of the cave until Peter manages to save them, and arrive safely back home. Like every story this has its enemies 'The Seal Catchers', but the story works out well in the end.

Although the book was interesting it lacked colour and illustrations but these were not really needed because of the fascinating descriptions.

This book would be suitable for both boys and girls from the age of 11 upwards. The author W. Towrie Cutt having been brought up in the Orkneys knew what he was writing and made the whole story come to life.

Mandy Slade, 12

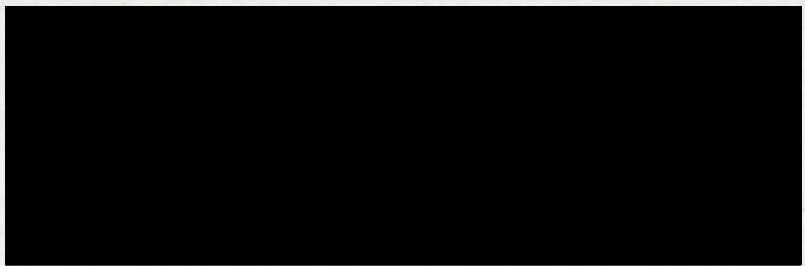
Thoughts during the power cut By candle light

Her face as she took off her sweater
It to me was ugly and rather like a skull.
I wished her to take it away and put it in
some magic holder
It was so deathly, so cruel looking.
She smiled.
I'd never seen her face like that before.
Memories come back to me of
Bournemouth,
The park, the bridge and the zebra
crossing.
I seemed so proud of it, of what?
I do not know.
If I said the icecream van
It would seem so childish.

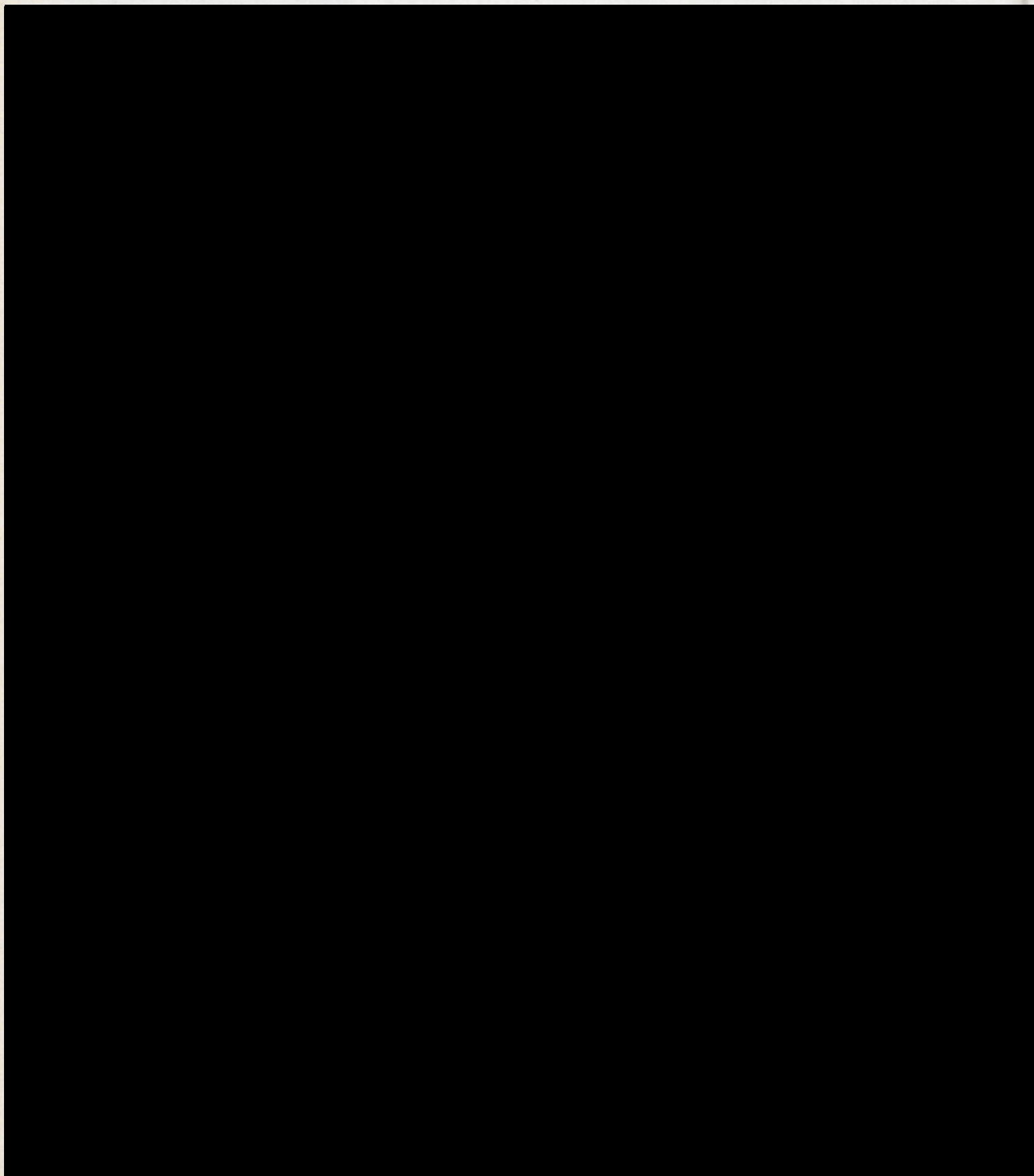
Adam + Eve

Dom Hodgkin 12





photograph by Diana the Photographer





'A serious proposal to the Ladies'

continuing the series on women in history by Sheila Rowbotham

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century several feminist women of letters appeared. The early connection of women's rights with the puritan revolution disappeared and feminist arguments took shape in a new context. Women like Hannah Wooley authoress of 'The Gentle Woman's Companion' in 1675 and Mary Astell who wrote 'A Serious Proposal to the Ladies' in 1694 argued for a useful place for women in the new world of commerce, science and the professions. They wanted to be accommodated in the emergent capitalist society as equals to the men in their class, not as dependants.

Hannah Wooley criticised men for thinking women were merely intended for propagation and household tasks, 'had we the same literature they would find our brains, as fruitful as our bodies'. Education seemed to be the reason for women's inferiority. As formal education and the teaching of specialised skills became the mark of sex and class privilege to those who were excluded, women and 'the inferior sort of people' struggled for knowledge as a means of breaking down the division of labour which made women of the upper classes spend their life in helpless leisure and exhausted the poor in ceaseless toil.

Picking up on a remark of Pope's comparing women to tulips, Mary Astell asked,

'How can you be content to be in the world like tulips in a garden, to make a fine show and be good for nothing?'

In the new world usefulness and business went together resulting in power but women were content to accept a position which was only decorative. She assured men that they could only benefit from women's improvement.

'The men if they rightly understood their own interest, have no reason to oppose an ingenious education of the women since it would go a great way towards redeeming the men.'

The scheme of ingenious education was a kind of protestant convent 'rather academic than monastic' on Church of England principles. She saw this as filling the gap in female education since the closing of the Catholic convents at the Reformation. She imagined the growth of a new learning in a place where 'ladies nauseating the parade of the world' could pursue knowledge in cloistered academic solitude.

She gained some support in court circles, raising money from aristocratic women like Lady Elizabeth Hastings, of whom the journalist Steele had said 'To love her is a liberal education'. Even the Queen wanted to give £10,000 but was persuaded not to by a bishop on the grounds that it would lead to the dreaded popery.

Inevitably Mary Astell was opposed on anti-feminist grounds as well. Swift satirised proposals for a women's college in the *Tatler* in June 1709, by inventing a correspondent called

Charles Sturdy who was being rejected by an intellectual 'Platonne'. Sturdy announced:

'It is my misfortune to be six foot and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves, and before I was in love, I had a noble stomach and usually went to bed sober with two bottles'.

Swift advised him to woo her with flattery and told an imaginary tale of the visit of a group of gentlemen to an academy of 'Platonnes'. Amongst the visitors was a well known rake who flattered the women by saying he wished 'men might rise out of the earth like plants, and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support of our species'. By devious means the gentlemen in the story get their way. 'There was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.'

In September Swift returned to the attack and ridiculed the presumption of women who would reject 'Scissors, needles and samplers' for 'pens, compasses, Quadrants, books manuscripts, Greek, Latin and Hebrew' and military exercises.

These two themes of anti-feminist attack were to be replayed many times. Feminists were portrayed as blue stocking celibates swelling with suppressed desire or absurd Amazons apeing men.

Defoe however was more sympathetic to the idea of a female academy than Swift, perhaps because he was from a dissenting family and had experienced discrimination. He had been educated at a nonconformist academy in Newington Green, North London. In 1698 in his *Essay on 'Projects'* he wrote 'We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves... The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker than those of men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without. Which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear that they should vie with men in their improvements'.

He did not believe in 'female government' but thought women should be fit companions for men. This was the new ideal of marriage as a relationship between companions which had first appeared in the puritan movement and was to challenge the authority of aristocratic property marriage in the eighteenth century novel. The right to a marriage of conscience had already been hinted at in the dissenting tradition which asserted the equality of conscience and the right of improvement, spiritual intellectual, social and economic of all, regardless of sex or station.

A crime against humanity

Frances Howard-Gordon

'The English have retained an unabated preference for mutilating the frontal lobes', said Dr Peter Breggin, an American psychiatrist visiting London in May. His campaign visit was ignored by the national press although its aim was to publicise his research into the indiscriminate performance of lobotomy operations in England.

The pre-frontal lobotomy where the surgeon cuts a narrow slice through the midline base of the brain's frontal lobes is the most common method. The operation mutilates or cuts out sections of the brain affecting behaviour. New surgical methods include ultrasound, electrical coagulations and implanted radium seeds.

Dr Breggin called lobotomy

'a crime that cannot be condoned on medical, ethical or legal grounds. While the techniques may be much more precise than those used by early lobotomists who won a reputation as *hatchet men* by indiscriminately pushing probes through the nerve fibres of their patients' frontal lobes, the outcome is basically the same. At worst they are irreversibly damaging the

patient's self, the qualities of insight, creativity and judgement that separate man from the lower species. At the very least, they are blunting the patient's emotional response.'

Yet more lobotomies are now performed in England than the United States where the first wave of psycho-surgery claimed 50,000 people. Most of these had been state hospital patients with chronic disabilities.

Reports here stress the success of lobotomies performed on English women. Apparently they then become better housekeepers.

Geoffrey Knight was the only British surgeon to publish his statistics at the 1970 International Psychosurgery Conference. Since 1960 he has performed 1,050 lobotomies. He says he was 'inspired to action' after reading about the increased admission rate of old people into state hospitals. Instead of considering projects like better housing he thought lobotomy was the solution.

Dr Breggin revealed that Geoffrey Knight had tried to help only 59 patients out of 350 with psycho-therapy before subjecting them to surgery. Mr Knight commented, 'Since primitive emotions are damaging emotions, it might be deduced empirically that the interruption of connections from primitive cortical areas would contribute to the results obtained.'

In 1969 the British Medical Journal published an editorial in favour of brain surgery for sexual disorders. It supported psycho-surgery performed on three German homosexuals which had resulted in a 'distinct reduction in the level of sexual drive' and explained that the 'need to protect the public' was of utmost importance. It called for the patient's voluntary consent without discussing the pressures that can be brought to bear on a person to make such a decision.

Dr Breggin said that women, children and old people constitute the majority of patients. At the University of Mississippi, psycho-surgery is being carried out on 'hyperactive' children as young as 5 years old. A bilateral mutilation of

the thalamus was performed on a 9 year old boy who was described as hyperactive, combative, explosive, destructive and sadistic. This procedure was repeated after 9 months and his behaviour was said to have improved. However, a year later he showed 'symptoms of hyper-irritability, aggressiveness, negativism and combativeness' and he was operated on again, this time more extensively, mutilating the fornix.

The boy began to show signs of memory loss but because he was still difficult to control a fourth operation was performed. The surgeon commented the boy was now easier to control although 'intellectually, the patient is deteriorating'.

As early as 1951, the Soviet Union recognised the damage caused by lobotomy and outlawed its practice. The problem has been raised in the United States senate and an official inquiry initiated.

But here in Britain all is quiet.

Housewives' fear

At least one MP has been watching his TV commercials closely and has now discovered what women have been saying for years.

The Labour MP for Newcastle-under-Lyme, Mr. John Golding, told a Commons select committee hearing evidence on advertising on Independent Television not long ago that television played on the fear of housewives, particularly the fear of not being beautiful. 'The whole area of sexual attraction', he said, 'is played upon in TV advertising in a way which can be very hurtful to a great number of people.'

In reply, Mr Tony Fisher of the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers said: 'I do not think there is any evidence to indicate that most of us want to be more attractive and thinner.' Mr Fisher went on to say that a fourth TV channel, if it came into being, could be completely financed from advertising.

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Parliament

The prisoners came in two by two

by Christine Eade

Today in Britain, more men and women are serving longer and more uncomfortable prison sentences than at any time in our history.

A third of the 40,000 prisoners sleep two or three to a cell meant for one. For the prison population has quadrupled since World War II. As judges hand down longer and longer sentences, prison building fails to keep pace. In 1938, only 150 prisoners were serving a five year sentence. Today, there are 1,086.

Sadly, against such a background, Roy Jenkins, when Home Secretary in 1967, tried to reduce the prison population, but only succeeded in increasing it. For the practical effect of suspending a prison sentence was to have men and women serving longer — but delayed — prison sentences. The Government has decided to stop making suspended prison sentences mandatory in a Bill now before Parliament.

The Criminal Justice Bill, which has completed its stages in the Commons and is now being examined by the House of Lords, is not the kind of measure that Ministers like to boast about at the Conservative Party Conference. It was not given life by the primitive men who craved law and order from their hideaway in Selsdon Park. It had the mild parentage of Lord Widgery, the Lord Chief Justice and Baroness Wootton, the Labour Life peer, who shocked the Labour Government by recommending the legalisation of pot. They were the chairmen of committees who thought of the ways of keeping people out of prison.

The suspended sentence was a Jenkins reform which went wrong. For the last five years, judges and magistrates have been holding a prison sentence over a man's head, rather than fining him or putting him on probation. The Home Office is remarkably bare of figures to show how the reform has worked. The only available guide is that 40 per cent of the men and women so treated committed a second crime. Most of them when they

returned to court had both their suspended sentence activated and added to it was the new sentence.

The outcome of the failed reform was explained to the Committee of Members of Parliament when they examined the Criminal Justice Bill

earlier this year, by Mr Mark Carlisle, a Minister of State at the Home Office, and a liberal and fair-minded Q.C.

'What it has meant,' said Mr Carlisle, 'is that those coming into prison who have not been in prison before tend to come in for longer periods because they come in on the basis of a sentence which has been suspended with, consecutive to it, in most cases, a sentence for a further offence.'

Mark Carlisle admitted that the situation was made worse because magistrates tended to impose a longer sentence when they thought it was going to be suspended. He admitted that it was wrong, but offered no remedy.

The Home Office, therefore, decided to end the Jenkins provision to force magistrates to suspend the sentence for certain offences. They will now do so at their own discretion.

Edmund Dell, a Jenkinsite, and a junior Employment Minister in the Labour Government, spoke at the committee meetings for hours at a time, begging them to keep the mandatory suspended sentence. . . He wanted to end

all short prison sentences for first offenders. For he argued that their numbers had dropped since the introduction of the suspended sentence.

'Women prisoners are particularly interesting as evidence, because the courts have been reluctant to sentence women,'

Mr Dell told the committee. 'Here, too, one sees the same remarkable cut in the imprisonment of first offenders, following the introduction of the mandatory provision. I would say it would stretch credibility beyond any possible limites to say that it was not the mandatory provision that had been the main factor in that process.'

When the committee voted to end mandatory suspended sentences, the Government won by eight votes to nine.

The Government's novel way of keeping people out of prison is to make them work for the community. It is one of the Wootton suggestions. The experiment begins in balanced rural and urban areas in London, Kent, Nottinghamshire, south-west Lancashire and Durham.

Mark Carlisle explained to the committee that a man who failed to pay a fine imposed by the courts could pay off his debt by working rather than going to prison.

'One of the advantages of community service is that it is punitive in that it deprives the man of his free time and requires him to do something for society in what would otherwise be his free time,' said Mr Carlisle. 'It is reformatory for the reasons set out by the Wootton Committee, that to instil into people the idea that they should repay their debt to society for the crime they have committed by doing something constructive and of value to society.'

The offenders will work up to 240 hours, decorating the homes of fatherless families, building adventure playgrounds, digging the gardens of the old, dredging canals — all on a Saturday afternoon.

building adventure playgrounds is one of the ways prisoners can stay out of prison and help the community.



Others will exchange prison for 60 days at a new day training centre. Many who go there will be illiterate — the kind of men with bad work records, who are constantly in and out of prison for petty offences.

The prison population is also swollen by 2,000 men and 200 women who are gaoled each year for failing to pay their fines for being drunk and disorderly. The Bill will give them drying-out centres.

In contrast to the welter of community service and rehabilitation, there are some 'eye-for-an-eye' measures which hardly seem to belong to the same age — let alone the same Bill.

A man who uses his car to commit a crime will forfeit the car and lose his driving licence — 'the echo of a harsher attitude of a by-gone age,' as Elystan Morgan, one of Labour's junior Home Office ministers called it.

And for the first time, the courts can make a criminal bankrupt, taking from him £15,000 to compensate his victims. It was one of Lord Widgery's suggestions, but first thought of by the Law Society. Why £15,000, MPs of both parties wanted to know? William Deedes, a former Conservative Cabinet Minister though it so highly selective as to be almost an injustice. Sir Elwyn Jones, Attorney General in the Labour Government called it 'operation window dressing'. He believed that the high figure was chosen because the bankruptcy courts could not deal with a flood of criminal bankruptcy cases.

'The victim, who may wish to recover through bankruptcy proceedings, may not have lost a mass of money, but a small sum which might make all the difference to his provision for his old age, his family, or his immediate needs,' argued Sir Elwyn.

But Mark Carlisle stuck to £15,000 because it was what Lord Widgery had suggested as a means of 'preventing convicted criminals from enjoying sooner or later the fruits of their offences.'

Only about 100 big-time criminals — especially those who commit fraud — will be bankrupt each year. But if the Law Society figure of £100 had been taken, an estimated 30,000 people would be made criminal bankrupts.

Inevitably, the committee of MPs had among its members

the camp followers of the Selsdon men. For although 135 people were murdered in 1957 when there was still capital punishment and 137 in 1970 when it was not, there were still demands to bring back the death penalty for murdering a policeman.

Mrs Elaine Kellett-Bowman, a Conservative barrister, introduced a new clause to make it possible, saying:

'For too long, we have given too much consideration to the feelings of the criminal and his relations and far too little to the victims and their relations'.

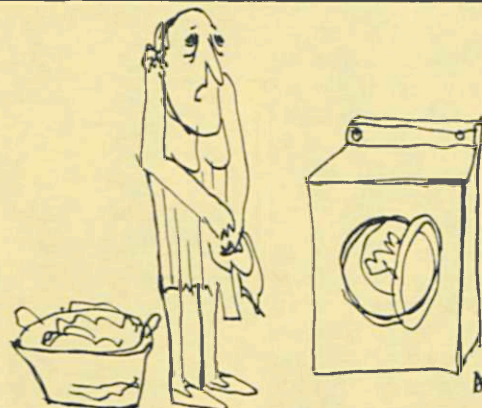
Mark Carlisle described her attempt as completely wrong, but other Conservatives took up her cry. Another barrister, Edward Gardner, said: 'Police officers, and for that matter prison officers, fall into a specialised class of people, who are, by the requirements imposed on them by society, exposed almost continually to perils which should be diminished as far as possible,

by every means that society can see fit to do. John Farr, another Conservative said that the new clause did not go far enough. 'One day, the nation may have to face up to the prospect of having the death penalty restored in full to the Statute Book,' he said.

In the end, every Conservative on the Committee voted to bring back hanging for police murder, except Mark Carlisle. his Parliamentary private secretary, Alan Haselhurst, and the committee whip, Oscar Murton. They joined

with all the Labour MPs to defeat the measure by 10 votes

The reforms which were carried will probably be introduced early next year, making it the fourth time that Parliament has changed the law governing the working of the courts since 1948. Yet when new committees study new law reforms, there is still certain to be that frightening moment when, in the midst of mild and sane reforms, some primitive politicians will do their dance of death and bay for the return of the noose.



Emily Pankhurst told me not to wash his clothes too

Overseas

From Lillian with love

News from New York

The garment industry is in big trouble in New York. That's because having discovered blue jeans and T-shirts, a lot of women here are unwilling to start spending the kind of money we all used to on clothes.

That doesn't mean we don't want beautiful decorative clothes as well as practical ones (and I still can't understand why they can't be both) but somehow the garment industry here hasn't picked up on what women want to wear and instead is still playing that stupid game of trying to force something on them that they don't want. The new season's clothes are so dull and boring and expensive and unoriginal and impractical that I honestly can't imagine who is buying them. (They're not even tempting us with something ultra-revolutionary, wildly nostalgic or just plain sexual). Anyway, one of the big fashion magazines here just threw a party to 'honor' the garment industry. It cost \$250,000 which I think

they felt was well spent if it got New York's number one industry out of the doldrums.

Why couldn't they have spent the money asking women what they wanted to wear?

Most theories of female sexuality until recently were put out by men, have you noticed?

A new book coming out soon called 'The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality' by a New York psychiatrist (and doctor, or course) called Mary Jane Sherfey deals entirely with the physiology of the female sexual response and goes into very technical (and not too entertaining) detail about what happens to what during sexual stimulation.

Although I am usually put off by diagrams and charts (because they so often look accurate but aren't) this has been one book I have been able to follow closely — perhaps because a woman wrote it.

The thesis of this book is that women are sexually insatiable or at least would be if society hadn't repressed their sexuality. I found this a little hard to accept even though Dr Sherfey makes such a good case for her theory. Then I had to ask myself was this because society repressed me? Dr Sherfey forgot to tell her women readers how to find out to what extent they were repressed and what do about it if they were. (That's a book for someone else to write, I guess.) As I said it's not a book that's fun to read but it's going to form the basis for a lot of important new books and for some very heavy thinking on this subject. (The book is published by Random House in the U.S.)

'There is only one economic indicator in which women consistently lead men, and that is the number living in poverty', May issue of Time

Prostitution with a Catholic face

News from Italy

A recent survey in Italy has shown that nearly fifteen percent of Italian prostitutes hold university degrees.

Forty-one percent have completed a secondary education. The newspaper, *Il Giorno*, commenting on the results, said: 'This means a capability of judgement and choice which indicates a wilful, determined choice of prostitution rather than a series of occasional accidents and collective guilts, as once was the case.'

The Spanish Attorney General doesn't go into educational qualifications but simply notes that six percent of Spanish women between the age of fifteen and fifty are prostitutes. In a special article for the newspaper, *ABC*, he says two million of the country's thirty-three million people were alcoholics, and drug usage had risen one hundred percent in the last year. Not to be discouraged by these figures he concludes that: 'Spain is not a country where delinquency figures are alarming and where the tendency toward criminal manifestations is scandalous. But he adds: 'It is important to warn about immorality and call attention to demoralisation.'

T.V. Action Group

The Women's TV action group has been campaigning for a weekly woman's programme at peak viewing hours in the evening. They got no response to their requests from ITV and are now approaching the BBC.

The Group, which consists of male and female representatives of the media and a housewife, says that existing programmes for women are shown at times when working women can't watch and the housewife is too busy or too tired.

Will Auntie BBC respond or will she be as cautious as the ITV programmers who refer sombrely to ratings and the difficulty of representing minority interests during prime

viewing and advertising hours, and claim that the majority of existing programmes appeal equally to men and women?

Women are not a minority interest, insist the group, but represent 50 per cent of the audience and advertising is aimed mainly at the housewife. Maybe football games, documentaries on deep sea fishing and programmes on cars and engines do have a unisex appeal but men read women's magazines and national newspapers have a woman's page.

The group wants to see a programme centred on the home and family interests, education, law and health, woman as consumer and they are prepared to produce it themselves.

For further information: Robert Hollis, Contact House, Lower Hampton Rd, Sunbury on Thames, Middlesex.



Dreadful drivers

When Mrs. Patricia Ann Hill took her driving test recently, the result did not do much to dispel all those stories about dreadful women drivers.

For the test ended with the car a total wreck and the driving examiner in hospital receiving treatment.

But the crash was not the fault of Mrs Hill, who lives at Silver Close, West Close, Swansea. The brakes failed as she was going downhill, and the driving examiner, Mr John Hall, aged 48, of Somerset Road, Langland, Swansea, took over the controls. He steered the car into the kerb, where it overturned and hit a wall. Mr Hall was taken to hospital with leg injuries.

Mr B. J. Hill, said of 28-year-old Mrs Hill, 'My wife is a very good driver. I think she will pass next time.'



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Sex, Gender and Society

ANN OAKLEY

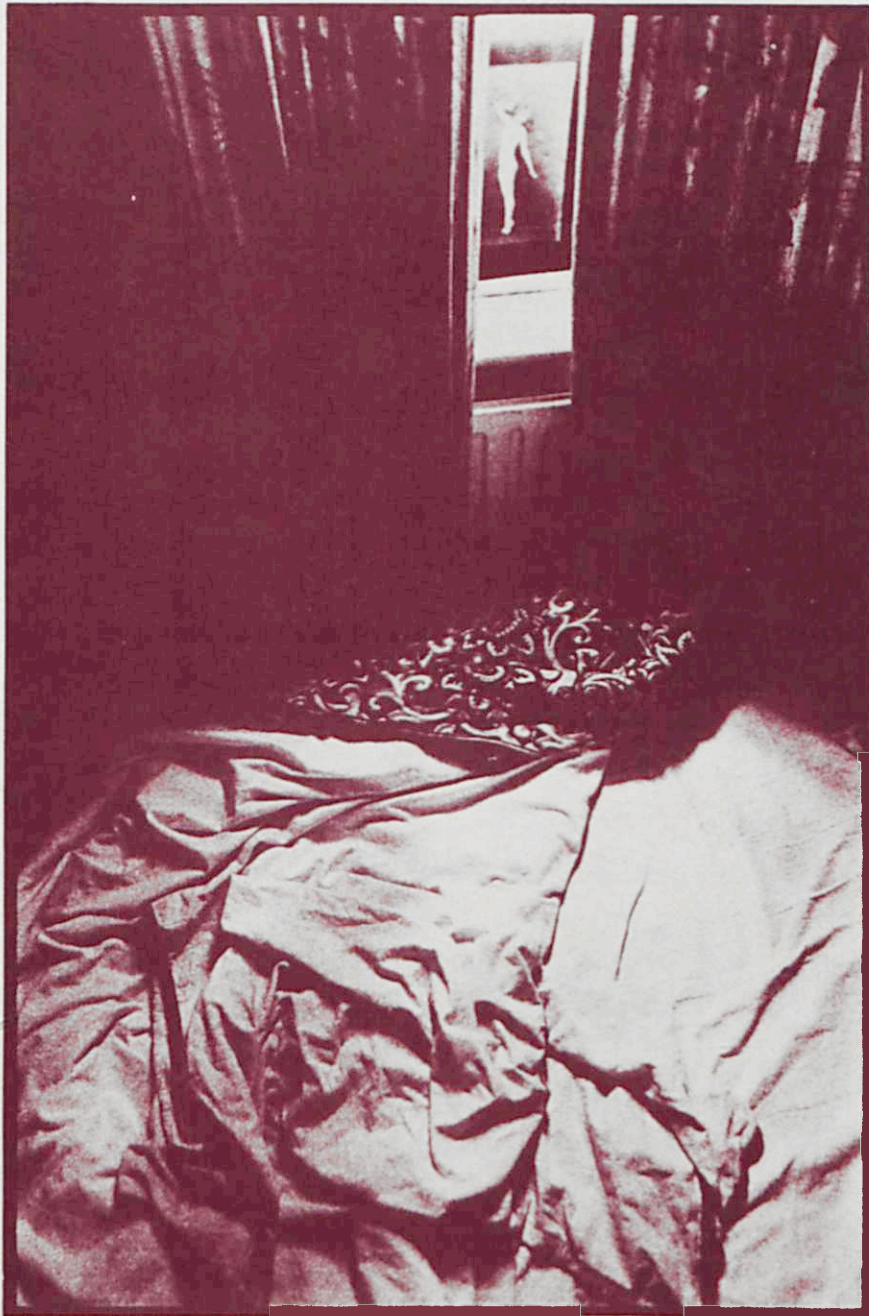
What are the real differences between men and women? How far are they biologically determined and how far are they just social conditioning? Some surprising answers emerge from this wide-ranging survey. 'Quite excellent: free from cant, well researched and admirably well written.' *The Economist*
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For the love of money

Denise Winn

photographs by Bob Mazzer



To be a prostitute is to be a criminal and an outcast. That's what the law says and that's what society says. But for the prostitute, their work is a job like any other, where money is the motive, sex the commodity and men the buyers. Denise Winn walked round London and found five prostitutes willing to talk openly to her about their work and their attitudes to it. The interviews that follow are not in any way a survey of the typical prostitute, if there is such a thing, but frank talks with five women who are prostitutes. Having a job that is outside the law means, of course, that the prostitutes have no recourse to the law if they need protection. Nor can they rely on pensions or the other fringe benefits of respectability. But while there is inequality of opportunity to earn money women will continue to view sex as a dead easy way of making a living and through this achieve some measure of economic independence.

Although prostitution may be profitable, it is hardly pleasant. Most clients are men with sexual needs they are too ashamed to express to someone they love. Whatever these needs, the prostitute fulfils them, with the result that she is left feeling no more than a scapegoat for men. She often counteracts this by regaining her human dignity in serious relationships with women.

Men will continue to need prostitutes so long as there is inhibition about sex. Women will continue to choose to sell their bodies while they are denied an equal chance for financial independence.

Think about that and, in the meantime, meet five prostitutes.



“Literally every woman who yields to her passions and loses her virtue is a prostitute, but we may draw a distinction between those who live by promiscuous intercourse and those who confine themselves to the same one man.”

Rose lives in an elegant, first-floor flat in West London. She is a retired prostitute whose successful career enabled her to buy a large house and live on the income from letting it. With her when I visited was Hilary who had also earned enough to invest, giving up prostitution except for the occasional night's stint.

Rose's boyfriend started her off on the game when she was living in Paris. It is rare to find a prostitute who actually enjoys sex with the clients but to her surprise she liked it, so, after a quarrel with her boyfriend, she set up business in a West End flat in London. Hilary and Rose were old friends and Hilary gave up her job as a stripper in the Midlands to work with Rose in the next door flat, although she didn't get Rose's kick out of paid sex. 'For me it was a means to an end — paying bills'.

Pay bills it certainly did. In the good days, 5 or 6 years ago when they started, they could earn as much as £100, in an afternoon.

A great deal of this money disappeared on drink. 'Another man, another drink, you might say', laughed Hilary. 'It got you through.' It had to, when there might be as many as 70 men coming for each girl every 3 days.

'Still, you could have a laugh', said Hilary with a sigh.

'Yes, but not now', Rose interrupted. 'The law has tightened up. And it's difficult to find flats, let alone afford the expense of them in the central area. And, do you know, it costs £25 a week to have a card out in the West End. No, it's not like it was.' They both saw prostitution as a kind of vocation. 'We were like priestesses', said Hilary.

Rose elaborated. 'In fact, you had to be a bit of a psychiatrist. The men wanted to talk and be understood. After

all, prostitution is a necessary part of society. It's nice for a man to have someone to go to, to pour out his troubles, instead of attacking young girls on the streets.'

All sorts of men would answer their advertisements and there were few taboos. The girls would do whatever their clients wanted — whip them, dress them up, treat them as children.

'You have to be an actress', put in Hilary. 'Perhaps that's what we are — frustrated actresses.' They both giggled.

Hilary pointed out that clients seemed to be different now. 'A lot of young men, really trendy guys from twenty upwards. Some you could really fancy.' She didn't think this was strange because 'They probably have kinks. I have one 24 year old who likes me to dress in rubber and pee in his mouth'. She seemed unmoved.

I asked them if all this didn't put them off sex for pleasure. Rose and Hilary grinned broadly and shook their heads. 'You see, you don't have orgasms with a client', explained Hilary. 'It's money, not the man, remember.'

Despite all the old jokes around about what you can catch off prostitutes, neither Hilary nor Rose nor any of the others I spoke to had ever had any venereal disease. They religiously used French letters.

'A lot of men offered to pay extra for us to dispense with them but we wouldn't do it. It just isn't worth it.'

For £3 a man could stay 20 minutes at the most. £5 bought half an hour and £10 one hour. When they were in the business properly they used a flat to work in and a flat to live in, and both had a maid — an essential.

'The maid would answer the phone and sell you to the caller. A lot of very straight women were maids and they



"Prostitution has been defined to be the illicit intercourse of the sexes; but illicit is unlicensed and the mere sanctioning of an immoral act could not dignify it into a moral one. Mayhew 'London Labour and the London Poor'"

earned a bomb. She was a form of protection and took the money so the client would have no chance of jumping the prostitute after it was over.

'But older men were less trouble', said Rose. 'More genuine, less virile, and they didn't expect so much for their money.'

'There's always some reason behind their coming', said Rose. 'Maybe a sick wife, or a domineering one. Wives are very often responsible, you know. So many men just can't talk to them.' 'My boyfriend was nearly done as a ponce once', said Hilary. The police thought he was living on her earnings until they discovered he owned a string of jewellery shops and let him off. The recollection loosened their tongues about their feelings for pimps. Rose said vehemently, 'It's the girl who creates the ponce. It's only later she becomes subjected to him, after she has given him a bit of money.'

Neither women felt they were selling themselves as prostitutes — they kept the upper hand. 'It teaches you to be hard with men. Neither of us could be walked on', said Hilary. 'And it makes you wary of people you feel attachment for. After all, why should they be different from all the rest?'

'Men are stupid', she said suddenly. 'They depend on women for everything.'

Thinking of living with a man, Rose said 'I couldn't stand all that possessiveness. And you can get a bit of sex anywhere, so what more do you need?'

Hilary shook her head. 'The worst thing they did was to take the girls off the streets. It brought the crime rate up. Kinky men just have to have an outlet.'

Rose, back in the role of priestess, nodded. 'Society should cater for these things.'

I saw Miss Stern at her working address — a flat just out of central London where she has installed a maid who earned £50 a week plus tips. She herself lives elsewhere, clocking on and off at regular hours like a factory girl.

Miss Stern specialises in torture. When she lists her activities she sounds like Alice in Wonderland's Mock Turtle relating his schooldays. 'We do domination, humiliation, bondage, correction, needles, electric shocks.' With the help of the collection of horrific implements she had built up over the years: whipping stools, wooden stocks with manacles hanging down from chains to grip the hands and stretch the finger joints, canes of all strengths and sizes, etc.

'Some men I have to be careful not to mark in case their wives see it. That's when the shock treatment comes in.'

The unreality of it all is enhanced by her wardrobe full of rubber corsets, leather wear, high-heeled shoes, French maid outfits. 'Lots of men like to dress up as maids.' Plus the framed notices. 'Madame Stern strictly trains and tames in corrective superior obedience.'

Miss Stern's is a case of 'Me brazen, you tame'. Men like to come and quail before her. 'But once they've had their climax, they're back to their usual selves.'

For her it's strictly business, much like any other business except that it pays extra well, between £400 to £500 a week. She is gay and supposes that being lesbian has helped her take such a professional attitude to her work. She can believe anything of men.

While I was with her there was a knock on the door. It was working hours. She left me for a minute then came back after putting a man in the stocks, admonishing him suitably and abandoning him to stew while she talked to me.



"Work in the mills was considered inferior and unworthy of respectable human beings. The reason for this association of ideas between a street-girl and a mill worker was that the former offered her body in public and the latter did 'public work', working publicly and not in her home." Kuczynski

The police have never bothered her. 'They don't if you work alone. They can only get you if it's a brothel and that means at least two.'

Just once she was attacked by a man with an iron bar. 'He must have come to nick all the money in the place. Luckily he saw my Alsatian and fled.'

Her only regret, 'I hate having to sit behind closed curtains all day, especially when it's sunny. But still, it would be the same stuck in a factory.'

Carol wears no make-up, is small and shy and has an air of softness which is attractive despite the 6 years she has spent, on and off, as a prostitute. Her career has been more of a hit and miss affair. If she has come through it unscathed, it is due to the fact that she is 'one hundred per cent lesbian' and has a steady girlfriend whom she loves devotedly. In fact, that is why she came to London, to look for a woman to love which she could not find in her provincial home town.

She was curious, she said, about prostitution and started off casually. 'The first half dozen I did in alleys or in the backs of cars and charged £2.' Then she found regulars whom she charged £3 without any time limit. 'I'd just look at the ceiling and count flies.'

Her methods were far less business-like than those of the West End girls and there was often an element of fear. Once she was nearly strangled in a car by a young man who didn't want to pay and another dumped her on Hampstead Heath refusing to hand over his money because 'she hadn't performed properly'. 'I felt so livid. I could have killed him. In fact I cried all afternoon.'

She has been warned twice by the police. Once a policeman came round after a reprimand to continue the lecture, but instead grabbed hold of her and tried to kiss her. She pushed him off. 'I suppose he thought I'd accept the bribe. Well, there's the police for you.'

She kept her relationship with men to business, 'Because if they take you out for a meal they might expect it for nothing.' Like the other prostitutes I met, Carol would admit no contempt for men. 'But I did feel sorry for them. Fancy having to pay out all that money for a woman. I used to wonder why they didn't masturbate.' then she thought for a bit. 'Still, I suppose there's nothing like two people together.'

Carol now works in a factory. 'When I gave up things were getting pretty rough. I'd only get one or two men calling a day and I'd spend the whole time worrying about not being able to pay the rent unless someone came. I was a bag of nerves. I'd sit

round straining to hear the doorbell and I'd run to the shops and back, terrified someone might have called in those 5 minutes.'

However, 'Once you start, you can never really give up completely. If men are short of money they have to steal. But for a woman it's so easy.'

Once she found herself strangely carried away during lovemaking and, in the heat of the moment, forgot to take precautions. 'It was funny', she said shaking her head, 'I half enjoyed it. But then Bill was the only man I could ever tolerate.' Her baby is looked after by her parents and Bill makes a point of seeing her once a week and pays her double.

'He's been very good to me', she said. 'Mind you, he's getting a bit strange now. He likes to use the belt on me — but only gently. I think he likes the noise. I can't stand pain, but I don't like to say no. After all, he has been good to me.'

Anna is not a full time call girl. She takes the opportunity to make money when it occurs. 'Men are so stupid. If they see me as such a sex symbol, why shouldn't I exploit it?' She is a tall, curvy Hungarian blond with a degree which hasn't helped find a job other than modelling or escort work. 'If I did consider myself a prostitute it would screw me up completely.' 'But I never actually made the decision to exploit my body. It was made for me. Since the age of 12 I saw desire in men's eyes. They couldn't talk to me without thinking of sex and that directed my thinking straight along the line to using my sexuality.'

At university she used to type for a well-known writer to earn extra cash. One day he said that if she stood there in her underclothes and typed he would pay her more than double her usual rate. 'I was shocked and went home. But I thought about it and the next day I went back and did it. That's selling yourself, isn't it.'

'Men who go to prostitutes have something wrong with them. Some think they are too small, some just want to masturbate with a woman there to increase their imagination, some like to be seen with a glamorous girl. A prostitute has to be a nurse, mentally and physically. For many men their wives have just become servants and there is no communication.'

But her attitude to herself is equivocal. She says she is interested in helping people who have sex problems, it's for the good of society, and in the next breath admits doing anything for money, as long as it hurts them not her. The sooner she finds her millionaire the better she'll like it.

Behind the Dirt

Face Value

Toning

If you can get this indelibly printed on your brain and make it a daily routine you've got it made.

Last month I talked about finding out what type of skin you have, oily, dry, combination and the importance of cleansing. The next step is toning.

What does a toner do?

Basically it's a rinse which removes the excess dirt and oil after cleansing. It also closes the pores, tones the skin and prepares it to receive moisture and nourishing.

Witch Hazel and Rose Water are the two most common toners and are available from any chemist. Witch Hazel is for very oily skins and Rose Water for very dry skins, so mix them accordingly. Make sure you buy pure Witch Hazel as some chemists mix it with glycerine. If you have a combination skin, use Witch Hazel on the oily part, (but not on any area with broken veins) and Rose Water on the dry area.

Alternatively, you might like to try the following recipe which was given to me by Clare Maxwell Hudson, a beautician who makes all her own creams and lotions.

Cucumber tonic.

Witch Hazel and/or Rosewater

1 peeled cucumber

Rosemary, fresh or dry.

Cut up the cucumber and put it through a sieve. (Don't throw away what's left. Clare uses it in another recipe I mention below.) Add it to infused witch hazel and keep it in the fridge. If you have a liquidiser, add the infused water to the cut-up cucumber and liquidise. This recipe should be okay for oily or normal skins, but if you find it is too strong, use rose water instead of witch hazel.

Packs

While we are talking about toning the skin, it's important to mention face masks and pack treatments. I always think of a mask as similar to a thorough cleaning of my flat. One good clean a

week helps more than sporadic attempts.

Packs work on the old blackheads and spots, opening up the pores and extracting all the debris of the sebaceous waste and everyday dirt that's collected in the pores. One should use a pack once or twice a week, oily skins needing them more than dry skins. Dry sensitive skins should never have a very strong mask treatment, but they do need one to help stimulate the skin and get the blood flowing. An active blood flow takes away impurities and removes the dead cuticle on the surface layer of the skin which prevents nourishing creams doing their job.

Cucumber Pack

Mix the pulp and mush of the cucumber left after sieving with fine oatmeal (obtainable from health food stores). This makes a slightly gritty mask to spread on your face but don't put it on the fine skin around your eyes. If you have a dry skin add honey to the pack as well. Leave it on from 10-15 minutes then wash off with warm water.



Moisturisers

To explain how and why a moisturiser works it's necessary to be a bit technical.

The sebaceous glands are found all over the body and open at the same point on the skin as the hair follicle. They excrete

sebum (a mixture of oils, waxes and cellular debris) and their function is to place a protective layer over the skin which acts as a barrier to foreign bodies and controls the water loss through the skin.

Because we live in a polluted environment and eat foods that do not contain the proper nutrients, the quality of the sebum becomes increasingly important. A moisturiser acts as a lubricant and prevents the skin from drying out and as a barrier preventing dirt from penetrating the skin. The older one is, the more important it is to use a moisturiser, as our bodies cease to provide all the natural oils necessary to nourish the skin.

An oily skin needs a moisturiser that will stop the natural oils from escaping and to help regulate the oil flow.

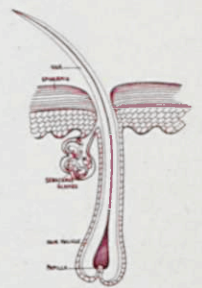
A dry skin doesn't produce enough oils and therefore needs a rich nourishing cream that is light in texture so it won't drag on the skin and stretch it.

A combination skin needs both types of moisturisers — one for the oily part and one for the dry.

A normal skin needs a light nourishing moisturiser to keep it in good condition.

A good moisturiser is a worthwhile investment, because it really will stop your skin drying up.

When you think about it, we clothe our bodies to protect them but leave our faces to cope with all the elements without any protection — then we wonder why the skin on our faces and hands shows so many signs of wear and tear!



Fran Fogarty

There's no one to be delighted by me

photographs by Ken Griffiths

I used to think pubs were places to rush through to go to the loo or vague hang-ups to be negotiated to score cigarettes until, a few montns ago, I discovered alcohol. A pretty major discovery to make at the age of 24.

Having alighted on the hither-to scorned pleasure of getting even slightly drunk, I found my attitude to pubs changing. The suggestion to go for a drink used to make my heart sink — now my eager eyes gleam. So many useful things can be done in a pub, like reading, telephoning, rapping, scanning the Evening Standard film guide, writing articles for Spare Rib, and so on, not to mention the delight of becoming rosier and rosier in the process. It's certainly not the same as sitting at home with a bottle of Vodka, tomato juice and Worcester sauce at your side.

This brings me to the point of writing this. What about all those single girls who, fancying a drink, find themselves unable to pluck up the courage to enter a pub alone? In a pub everyone is drinking so that is quite acceptable, with the added benefits of extra warmth, a better loo and more ashtrays than at home. No wonder men flock to these places the moment the clock chimes six. No wonder they are always suggesting dropping in for a quick one.

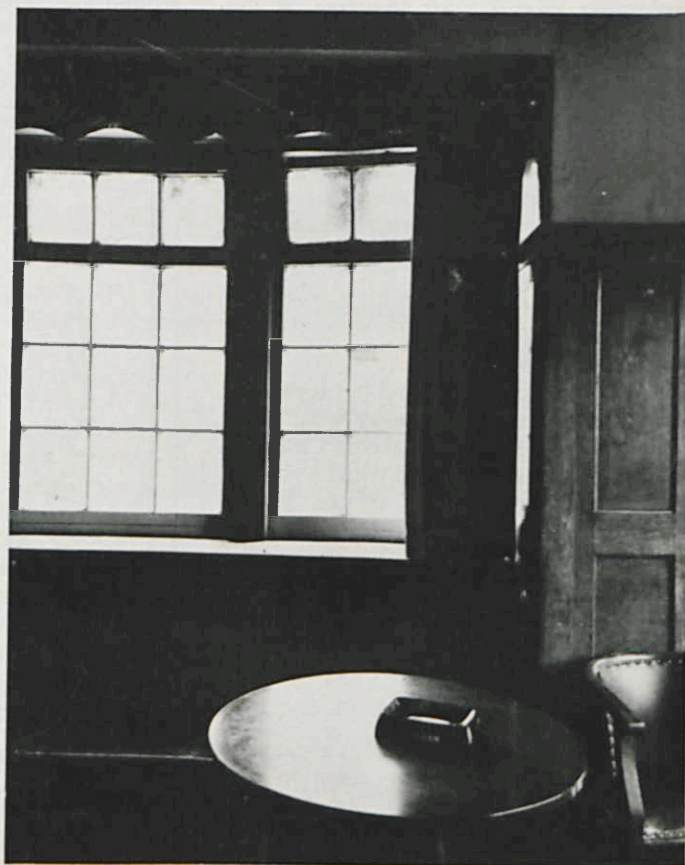
But the fact remains that girls, however excellent they find these places, usually cannot face sailing into them alone. A bloke can march into any pub and, unless he looks extraordinary, expect to be generally accepted and left alone. A single girl lays herself open to hints that she's either a prostitute or an alcoholic, or just out to be picked up. Furthermore, the general vibes are geared to making you feel inferior and rejected. You know everyone is wondering whether you have a wooden leg or a glass eye if you're so hard

up for a bloke that you resort to visiting pubs on your own.

The first time I went into a pub by myself I was unpleasantly surprised to find a battery of extremely questionable stares being directed at me, with a good smattering of baleful glares from the odd woman seated around. I was even more unpleasantly surprised to find the barman not responding to my delightfully friendly beam as I asked for a Bloody Mary, with ice and Worcester sauce. Splash, splash, spill, clonk, crash, chink bang, it was grumpily poured out and a glass with about half its expected contents was banged wetly down on the bar as he demanded 31p for it. As if this weren't enough, the minute I'd flaked out on the buttoned velvet seat up came some man inquiring in no uncertain terms if I was doing anything tonight. I must say I was flummoxed, as I rarely do anything at all, let alone that night. Forcing myself to lie, I replied yes, I was busy. My answer must have shown my more determined side because he sidled off indifferently to his mates, no doubt giving them the thumbs down. No sooner was that all over but up comes another bloke, this time extremely old and leary, to ask what a pretty little girl like me was doing all on her own. As if the streets were not full of 'pretty little girls' like me who just happened not to be drinking in a pub at that moment.

That was my first encounter as a single girl in a pub. It seemed a merry idea to investigate this outrageous scene further, so I launched on a rather spasmodic, solitary pub crawl. I went into all of them alone, dressed in a pair of jeans and a jersey — nothing that would attract undue attention — and here are my brief and sometimes drunken reports on the various pubs I visited.

My next solo sally on this venture was into the Greyhound, Kensington. In this glass-clutching murmur of a trendy pub I unfortunately met with an unsatisfactory non-reaction. The barman was fairly civil in meting out my Bloody Mary although it was certainly tempered with disapproval of a distinctly clandestinenature — as if he were trying to overcome it. There were a few glances of curious pity such as one would cast at a three-head pigmy from the many glamorous ladies hanging onto the arms of their equally glamorous escorts, but nothing much else. I'm ashamed to say I began to look



expectantly towards the door, knowing perfectly well I wasn't waiting for anyone. I began to imagine I was being classed as a potential DT case, or as a lesbian with all the horrors that seems to imply to the average drinking man. Soon it became clear I was taking up valuable space so I moseyed off, un-picked up, un-assaulted and, unfortunately, un-pissed.

The next pub I fitted into my schedule was The Pied Bull in Stanstead Abbots which, I'm afraid was again pretty uneventful. It was completely empty and the barmaid was really friendly and nice. The only conclusion I came to in here was that it's a pretty lonely business being a girl alone in a pub and, what's more, the only reason men can go into them alone is that they are less susceptible to feelings of loneliness. However, these are not the conclusions I should be coming to, so in order to raise your eyebrows I can tell you that my Bloody Mary cost 44p! I also managed a tasteful little poem which I'm sure you will find rather moving:

Drinking alone,
no one to drone to,
not even a person to grumble and moan to,
raising your glass,
and expecting a pass,
luckily everyone seems too stoned to.
Gazing around
at the slightest sound,
knowing there's nothing to see,
feeling so witty,
feeling it's a pity
there's no one to be delighted by ME.

In this maudlin frame of mind I trailed reluctantly along to the Red Lion to demonstrate satisfactorily that the proof of the pudding is in the drinking as I became, for the first time, pissed on my own. I slipped in only to find an amazing reaction from the all male crowd of inhabitants who joined gustily in a chorus of whistles and comments, mainly about what I was doing afterwards — as if I must be at a loose end. I sat drinking with attempted nonchalance, trying to ignore an arran-sweatered, hush-puppied man with brillo-pad eyebrows who was really into some energetic winking. After turning down a game of darts and after trying to appear as if I

were writing something incredibly engrossing, I weaved my way with a mere touch of unsteadiness up to the bar to get another drink. Vague thoughts of 'why not?' were floating in a now familiar way through my mind.

The most extraordinary scene ensued. As I forced myself to raise my eyes while the barmaid got my drink together I found a row of leeringly interested male faces gaping at me with an alarming intentness. I was overwhelmed with panic and embarrassed mirth with the weird result that I giggled shyly to the accompaniment of a growing surge of slow, menacing male laughter. 'Must get out of this one', was my main thought as things began to take on a distinctly Straw Dogs atmosphere. I quickly downed my drink and made speedily for the door. Did I imagine the scraping of chairs as I left? It seemed not when, as I scurried on my way back to my pals, I realised that three Hertfordshire heavies were hot on my trail. I won't bore you with the details of how I managed to get back safely — having proved it was impossible for a girl to get pissed in a pub on her own without something else being read into it.

There were a few more pubs and a few more reactions. The best of these was being told I looked as if I needed feeding up, being offered some sausages which I promptly accepted, then foiling the poor offerer by shoving them in a Kleenex and scuttling out with my booty unmolested. But it all came to the same thing: girls are only expected to get pissed under the social guise of going for a drink with someone and anything else is just inviting extremely unfair conclusions. On the other hand, I came round to thinking that I don't really dig drinking on my own anyway — but the grumble is there if you need one to get going on.

I also came round to realising that the two sure-fire signs of being pissed are (a) the elbow you are leaning on zooming away in some inexplicable manner from under you and (b) the elusive cigarette syndrome, where your No. 6 flies from your fingers and refuses to be picked up, however slowly you attempt it, let alone trying to light it. Now having gleaned such enlightening information from my miniature pub crawl, I'm off to continue my inquiry into the true meaning of Life (with a capital L) ...



MANS WORLD

The dream Pedlars

Shakespeare did it in *The Tempest*, Coleridge in *Kubla Khan*, Wells in *The War of the Worlds*, Lewis Carroll in *Alice*, Jesus in *The Bible*, Dante did it, Swift in *Gulliver* and me in *Honey* magazine: we've just been pushing out dreams, right?

Honey is the dream of a middle class, late twentyish editress dreaming about the dreams of a working class, teenage readership: and I'm a man trying to get this dream into some kind of shape so that the readers actually think it's what they always wanted, the end result being a weird fantasy of what reality is really like. So in the *Honey* World there are abortions by the thousand, a plague of venereal diseases, a mess of personal hang-ups, an ocean of adolescent despair and now and then a death. There is unemployment and acne and God, there is pollution and rock 'n' roll and vaginal odour and how to get your man. Such is life.

But you won't find many grown-ups there, except of course *Older Men* (just what is their appeal?) or *Heroes* (whatever happened to Johnny Weismuller?) or *Saints* (all you ever wanted to know about Trevor Huddleston), but no-one who is just sold without having anything special to show for it. And there's no politics to speak of, except for the *Revolution* (Who's Who in the Chicago Eight), and there's very little about the misery of being at school although there's a lot about getting pregnant in varsity digs and there's just nothing at all about adultery or neurosis or the menopause or having a family and hating it or being left on the shelf.

Now in this strange and beautiful world where everything is gay and get-ahead walk the *Honey* Readers, around a million and a half of them, whose every whim is an eight page feature, whose every tear another cheque to our resident psychologist. Like her world, the *Honey* Reader has her own unique style, a cross between Disney and Robbins, like nothing on earth. She has a couple of long-haired but dandruff-free boyfriends, thinks about them a lot, gets laid by one of them after a long internal struggle and then maybe learns about herself at the abortion clinic. She's worried about getting married, about detergents in the North Sea, her weight, world hunger, what's going to be top of the charts next week and Steve McQueen. So maybe you'll be able to buy her in the shops one day, but for the time being there's something quite nice about her, like there was about the original Frankenstein monster. Me, I just live off her and try and keep her happy once a month, as

Iain Stewart, a contributor to *Just Men* in *Honey*, says what it's like to be the idol and the victim of a million teenage fantasies.



inevitable a part of her cycle as all the rest.

It's a lot of fun writing for *Honey* any way you look at it. It's such a strange thing to do for a living, tapping out dreams for a dream girl and then seeing how she reacts. Readers' letters come as a constant joy, the ultimate ego trip, whatever they say. It's so nice to have people writing to you as if they'd known



you all their lives and didn't have to fool around with niceties any more. Even to be addressed as Dear Shitface or to be ordered back to your own manure heap has a certain charm about it when it comes from four nurses in Huddersfield. I've never had a good word from mothers. One wrote from Devon 'I've lived on a farm all my life and so there's very little about sex that I don't know from first hand experience, and therefore I assume that some of the things you write about exist only in your diseased imagination'. Nice. Another one: 'I never realised what my daughter was reading each month until one day I started reading some perverted so-called humour by a certain Iain Stewart and I hereby cancel her subscription'. (There have been a number like that). Occasionally they will try and reason: 'If you can't see that homosexuals are not normal, healthy people, then I'm sorry for you, and I hereby cancel my subscription' or 'Surely even a person like Iain Stewart must realise that marriage is here to stay and thank God for that, I say. Please cancel my subscription, immediately.'

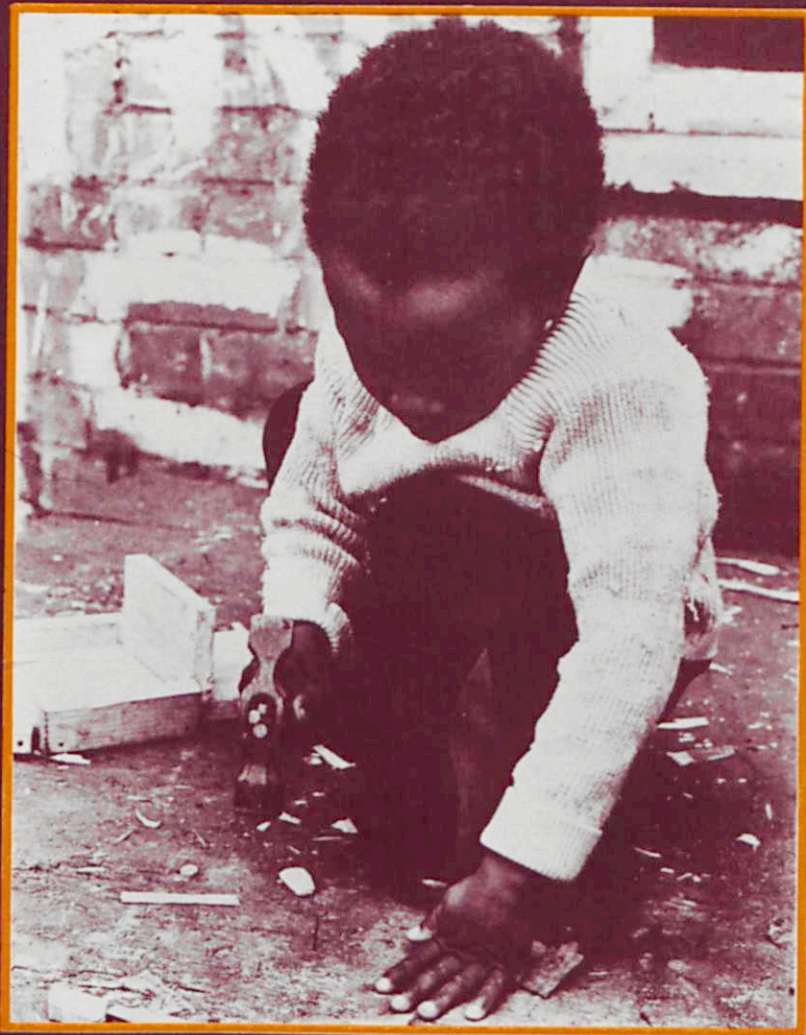
The readers, those for whom it is all intended, seem much more intelligent and some of them say some very nice things indeed. 'As a lonely new comer to Paris, I was delighted to come across *Honey*. It was like a breath of London air — everything so Englishy: the fashions, the ads, and Iain Stewart ... After all the devil you know is better than the devil you don't know'. Sweet. 'Isn't Iain Stewart selfish where women are involved' explains Zoe from Droitwich, to be followed on the same page by Anon from Edinburgh who begins punchily enough with 'It seems to me that Iain Stewart has an inferiority complex etc etc'. Thank you, anon, you opened my eyes. As for the four bitches from Reading who sent me my photograph so horribly defaced that even I had to admire the graphic skill employed, at least they take me seriously (mistakenly, as it happens). But who cares. It's so reassuring to find a constant pitch of involvement in anything you write after the total blankness following a piece in a more 'adult' magazine, it comes like a glimpse of blue sky through the usual murk.

But *Honey* is only a daydream, it's only something to flip through, I'm only a figment of my own imagination. And when I get portraits of myself through the post or letters full of love and desire, or diatribes against my morals or my nasty habits, then I can see that I've become just another fantasy myself, which has its problems. But what can a poor boy do?

Iain Stewart

A guide to Playgroups

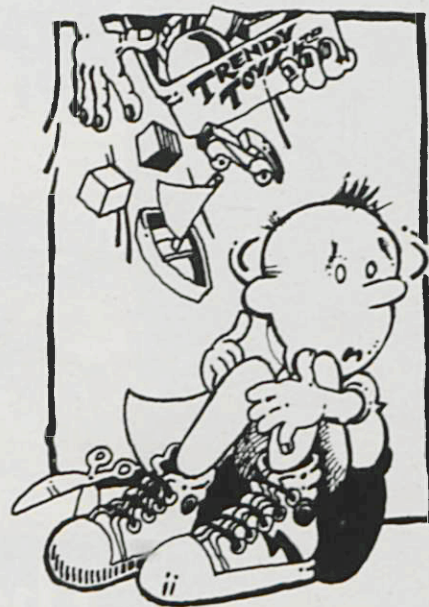
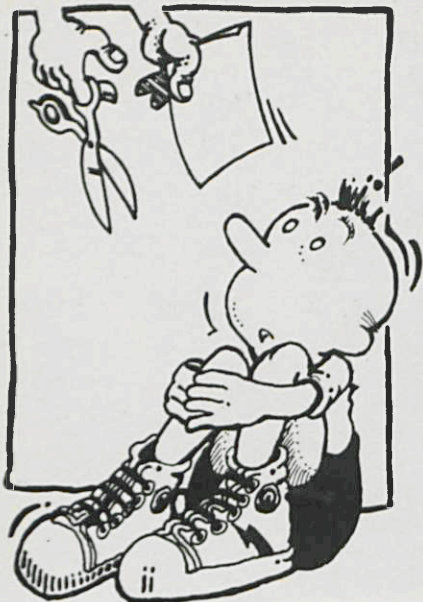
photograph by Karen Simon drawings by Penny Smith

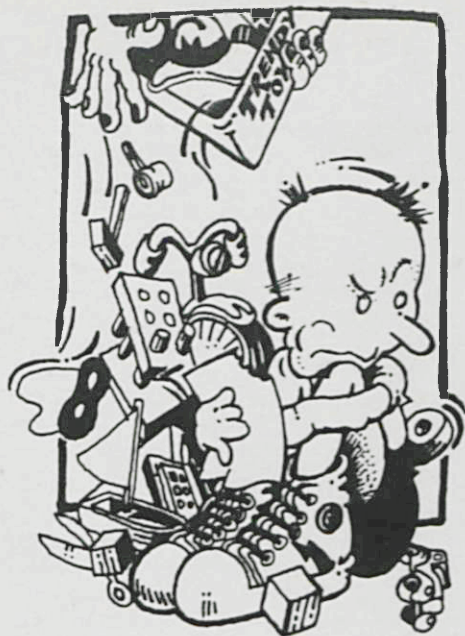


'The kids are alright'

'In the last decade we have learned more about the first five years of life than has been learned in the last 300 years. Compared with a subject like physics, however, we are somewhere between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries'. (Jerome Kagan, Newsweek) One of the things we have learned is that play is an integral part of a child's development, that it is educational and therapeutic. Where an adult would talk, a child will play. A lack of play can be as devastating to a child as solitary confinement to an adult. The child who cannot, or who is deprived of, play usually has great difficulty establishing social relationships later in life.







'They're for parents too'

Mary Anderson

The most important thing about playgroups is that they're not just for children. They're for parents, too. Nursery schools and child care centres have been criticised as dumping grounds for children whose mothers are more interested in going out to work than staying at home and looking after them. One can argue that the question may be more one of necessity than choice. But the accusation that some nursery schools have been known to prohibit mothers from even crossing their doors on the grounds that they don't want them 'interfering' is less easy to justify.

It is a mother's right to know what is happening to her child during the eight or nine hours a day that he is out of her care. But it is also a child's right, as was recently pointed out in a letter to *The Guardian*, to be cared for by one loving, accepting and vitally interested person, normally his mother, especially during the pre-school years. And this is where the real value of playgroups lies. They manage to combine the provision of a stimulating environment for the child with the opportunity for the mother to actively involve herself in her child's play.

Some would say, though, that they should go even further than this. According to the Pre-school Playgroups Association (P.P.A.) booklet: 'At its best, a playgroup is a centre involving the whole community — parents, children, grandparents and any one from the neighbourhood who is interested.' But, of course, few playgroups do actually achieve this ideal and, in fact, the movement as a whole has largely failed to make itself available to that part of the community which could most benefit from a compensatory environment — the deprived child and his mother, the single-parent family. At present, the movement is still predominantly middle class.

And perhaps some of the policies of independent groups like the P.P.A. have been partly responsible for this. One of their rules says that no child whose mother works can be accepted into one of their playgroups. They insist absolutely on mother participation.

'Of course, I'm all in favour of the mothers being involved,' says Tracey Tilley, 'after all, that's what playgroups are all about — and this is bound to mean that some children of working mothers are going to be excluded. But they needn't all be excluded. My playgroup is made up partly of children whose mothers work and partly of children whose mothers don't work. The ones who do work are mostly early morning cleaners which means they can bring their kids along when they've finished work.'

'I would never insist that all mothers participate, though. You've just got to realise that some of them are more of a liability than an asset to the group — often they realise it themselves. They're far better off just sitting watching.'

Since the responsibility for playgroups was transferred last year from the Department of Health to the Department of Social Services — a much more suitable body — a great deal more is being done by the councils in this area than previously and much of the thanks for this must go to people like Tracey Tilley. 'When I first joined the Council, the head of the Social Services department didn't even know what a playgroup was! Now we're expanding the movement throughout the borough and right now I'm in the process of trying to get a proposal through for the appointment of a Playgroup Organiser — some-one who would have special responsibility for the setting up and control of playgroups in the area.'

Throughout the country, local councils are trying to bring playgroups to the children and parents who need them most and some London boroughs like Southwark and Lambeth are way ahead. The fees they charge are minimal and in some cases, if a child is considered to be in special need of a playgroup, say for speech therapy reasons, the councils will pay the fees themselves. Apart from setting up their own playgroups, the councils will also give advice to anyone who is interested in setting up a playgroup of her own. They'll tell you whether or not your premises are suitable, how many loos you need to comply with Ministry of Health regulations, the number of children you would be allowed to have in the space available. They might even give you a grant to set it up and pay for the equipment you'll need.

'We want to make grants more easily

available,' says Tracey. 'At present, it's very difficult to get a grant to start a playgroup in your own home and as a result many are set up in church halls and places like that which I think are totally unsuitable. For a start, they tend to be too big, and the fact that they're used for other things as well means that there may be restrictions on the use of certain materials like sand or paint or water — or you may not be allowed to pin things on the walls. And of course, everything has to be put away in cupboards at the end of the day and brought out again next morning. A playgroup should have a permanent place of its own that is used for nothing else.'

Tracey sees the playgroup movement expanding enormously in the next few years but she would still like to see more men involved, as well as older children and students. And she's not the only one who feels this is the way the movement ought to go. In a recent draft report to Mrs. Thatcher on the educational priority area projects Dr. A. H. Halsey recommended a new comprehensive form of preschooling that would involve statutory bodies like the Education, Health and Social Services departments as well as parents, voluntary bodies and the community as a whole. The project, called simply 'Preschool' would be comprised of the best of the nursery school and the best of the playgroup.

Many councils are already working towards this ideal and in Birmingham it has already happened. Priority Area Playgroups there already have some 200 voluntary parents, senior school children and university students working for them. So, after all, the ideal is possible.



More and more these days child specialists and teachers are stressing the importance of the years 3-5 in children's development. Regrettably far too few children can go to either a nursery school or playgroup, but even if they do they still spend most of their vital pre-school years in the home.

The 3-4-5 Nursery Course has been developed by qualified teachers to help parents help

their pre-school children in the home.

The course comes by post each month, and lasts for a year. It includes booklets, activity cards, games, puzzles, stories and extended-play records. Each month is full of colourful imaginative ideas to stimulate play at home, and to encourage the development of the basic skills leading to reading, writing, number sense and self-expression.

Just post off the coupon for full details

Post to: 3-4-5 Ltd., 92a Old Street, London EC1V 9AY.

Please send details of the 3-4-5 Nursery Course, without obligation.

NAME

ADDRESS

Natural Earth Drinks

'There ain't no cure for the summertime blues'. To be down in the summer seems much worse when you contrast your mood to this season's growth and vitality. Nature responds to the increased solar energy but our human responses too often resist, so don't take last winter's mind and body into the summer. Summer is lighter and so can be our diet and resulting frame of mind.

Vitamins pass in and out of vogue. Vitamin C recently had its share of attention and deservedly so. Polanski, while filming Macbeth in the wet and cold of Northumberland, insisted on the cast taking 2 grams of vitamin C a day. Maintenance of high vitamin C levels help prevent the degeneration of the bloodforming cells and the weakening of the body tissues.

To help you 'break on through to the other side,' here are 5 special summer drinks, each containing a powerful dose of natural vitamins.

Sunset Reverie

The apricots, egg yolk and cream used in this drink are beneficial sources of vitamin A.

- 1 qt. orange juice
- 16 oz. grape juice
- 6 apricots (pitted-unpeeled)
- 2 egg yolks
- 4 oz. cream

Chill all ingredients overnight. Blend orange and grape juices, setting aside 8 oz. Fill serving glasses half full with remaining juice. Vigorously blend apricots, egg yolk, cream with the 8 oz. juice. Pour slowly into half filled glasses and serve immediately.

Wheatgerm has long been one of the most potent sources of vitamin B. Both wheatgerm and yoghurt are tremendous aids to digestion and the assimilation of the B vitamins. Insomnia, nervousness and headaches often result from lack of this vitamin. Beware of habitual use of this vitamin because it can destroy your vitamin B supply.



Natural Shake

Wheatgerm, seed and vegetable oil and nuts are excellent sources of vitamin E.

- 1 pt. milk
 - 1 oz. seed oil (cold pressed)
 - 1 oz. ground almonds
 - 1 oz. wheat germ
 - 1 ripe avocado pear (mashed)
 - 4 oz. fresh cream (optional)
- Blend ingredients thoroughly and serve.



Yoghourt Yin

- 1 pt. natural yoghurt (unsweetened)
 - 4 oz. chopped dates
 - 1 T. wheat germ
 - 1 tsp. sesame seeds
 - 1 T. honey
- Blend all ingredients thoroughly and serve.

Summer means sunshine and lots of vitamin D caressing your body and setting your mind free.

But this little thought do not forget, if from those golden rays you want to benefit... do not bathe just before or after you've had a sit in the sun as the natural oil on your skin is where the penetration of vitamin D begins.



Bugs Bunny Smoothie

Milk is another excellent source of vitamin D.

- 8 oz. milk
- 1 carrot finely grated
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 T. honey

Blend all ingredients until carrots are liquified.

Superman, Hercules, Tarzan, Jane, Cleopatra and Joan of Arc are all fantasies



of strength, imagination, vitality and endurance. Vitamin E may not really make you able to 'leap tall buildings in a single bound' but you will certainly feel as if you could! Vitamin E is needed by every cell of your body and extremely important in glandular activity. Your heart, muscles and blood circulation are highly affected by this vitamin making it essential to their well being.

Scorpio Rising

The lime, grapefruit and strawberries used in this drink are all valuable sources of vitamin C.

- 1 qt. lime juice (4 limes to 1 qt. water)
- 8 oz. grapefruit juice
- 8 oz. strawberries
- 2 diced bananas
- 3 oz. honey

Blend all ingredients thoroughly and serve chilled.

During these warm and dry days of summer, your hair, skin and eyes use an abundance of vitamin A. This vitamin keeps your hair shiny and skin soft. Your ability to distinguish colours and adjust quickly to various amounts of light are very dependent on this vitamin.

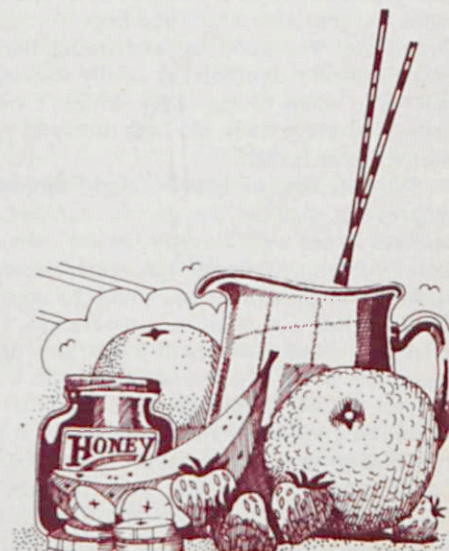




illustration by Friere Wright





KILLING NO MURDER

Germaine Greer has had a regular column in the Sunday Times for a year. In recent weeks she has been discussing abortion and her proposal for a women's health centre. Why did the Sunday Times suddenly refuse to print the following column on June 4th?

'She,' wrote one of my harassed editor's correspondents last week, 'is capable of killing and many of us are not.' Yes, indeed, I am capable of killing but, so, I would have thought, is the writer of the letter, and so are you, dear reader.

I grew up in an atmosphere of carnage. Because flies clustering around the eyes give children trachoma, and crawling on food give them gastroenteritis, we were brought up not just to 'chase that fly!' but to bash, mash and poison them whenever possible. The unauthorised entry of a blowfly into the house has us vowing bloody murder, holding our breaths until that mother-to-be was gasping her last, while her young streamed across the window-pane from her ruptured womb.

With blithe disregard of the foodchain we bombarded mosquitoes with DDT, because little kids scratch the bites until their legs are pitted with purple craters.

But the commandment makes no exceptions. 'Thou shalt not kill,' is what it says.

One of the more memorable massacres of my early youth concerned a colony of red-backed spiders living in a rockery which my mother, in the spirit of a sergeant-major at Puckapunyal, told me to shift. My small sister was fooling around me as I toiled back and forth with the rocks, while the spiders streamed out of the clefts which I unearthed. The bite of that spider will kill a small child, and perhaps a big one, so I chased every one before Jane could pick it up and thumped it with a piece of Lilydale rock, until the underside of my weapon was thickly larded with mashed corpses and waving disembodied legs. Their entrails were a warm caramel colour. My sister has grown up to be the mother of two beautiful sons, one of whom is called after Archbishop Mannix.

The next hardening of my spirit occurred when I went to stay with a family who earned a good living on Lord Howe Island, by farming and butchery and fishing. I was sent off to plunder the rockpools of a doubleheader cod, because one of our customers particularly required that form of protein. To my despair, I learnt that the only bait the cod would take was a live crab. For the first twenty minutes I presented the crab to the hook, hoping that they would join without any direct violence on my part, but at length I stabbed the barb into the underside of the crab's belly, and then damn me if the creature didn't wave its eyes about in distress and clasp the line with its pincers.

And I caught my doubleheader; the next day I landed a twenty-five pound kingfish on a twelve pound line, bloody to the elbows and cut to the bone by the handline. The fish would pant and suffer in the sack because we had to keep them alive and so

fresh. On such hecatombs is human superiority nourished. To the primitive abattoir I dared not go, but I ate the cows I had milked, with relish.

Kill then, I can, but only just. If I had been a Roman slave commanded to hold my master's sword while he fell upon it, I should surely have bungled it. The noble suicide would find the weapon in his eye or his knee. That's the horrifying part, the pusillanimous failure of nerve.

Dozens of sick cats have found their way to the mercy-killing vet in my hands, except for one which chose to be injured on Good Friday when not a vet in Sydney was answering his phone. I should have split its skull with a hammer, but I couldn't so I threw it off a very high bridge. It swam for two or three seconds.

Once in Calabria I spent a whole night trying to kill an inoffensive gecko, because the peasants had assured me that it was a salamander, whose bite would make me swell up all over and die. Holding my oil-lamp above my head I beat away at it with the broom, sobbing to it to die but it struggled on until I crawled off to bed and dreamed of bloating to an awful death. Morning found it horribly swollen and still not dead. The small child who polished it off with his toy spade told me offhand, 'Bisogna chaivarlo ben in testa' (an untranslatable joke for you Italian speakers), so no wonder I couldn't do it. The gecko is of course, harmless, and, as the friends of the foetus say, innocent; I could have been subject to what the editor's correspondent calls 'murky feelings of guilt and self-dislike' if I had been sufficiently irrational and masochistic.

Irrational and masochistic to a point I certainly am. The only time I was ever assaulted, I urged myself to counterattack quite uselessly. 'The acrotid artery...' I thought desperately, as my head rang from the blows, 'the testicles...pressure points...' but I also thought 'but you might kill him.' I should have been thinking, 'He might kill me...' But there you are.

If some friend of mine asked me in his agony to help him end his life, my only reason for refusing would be, not fear of imprisonment or imagined fealty to a commandment I have broken, wittingly or unwittingly all my life, but because I'd be afraid of such a failure of nerve, afraid to botch it. For even if we interpret the commandment as meaning 'Thou shalt not kill (human beings)' it is hugely disregarded, and by living in the civilisations in which we do, we condone this disregard. The baffled soldier, following orders originating *coram populo*, accepts breaking the commandment as an occupational risk, regardless of his own guilt and horror. In fact the commandment does not even say 'Thou shalt not kill (anybody else)' The nuns taught me that it also means 'Thou

Infants, Imbeciles and Married Women

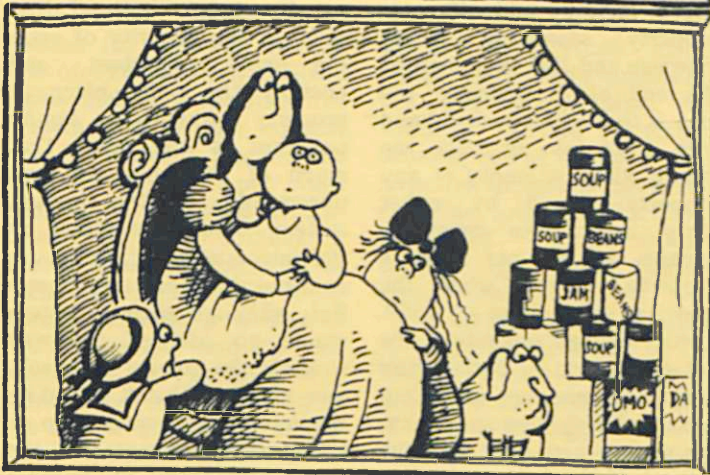
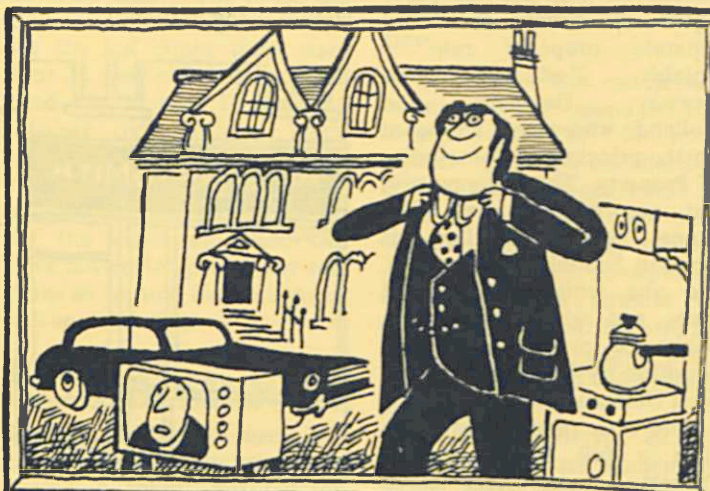
By Mary Anderson, illustrations by Posy Simmonds

If you are female and married, the chances are that the property to which you have a legal right amounts to little more than the clothes you stand up in. The house you call yours and all its contents, the furniture and kitchen equipment you use every day, are probably no more yours than is the Palace of St. James or the tapestries that hang in the great banquet hall there. The fact that you may have made some financial contribution towards the purchase of the house and the household goods is irrelevant — unless you are prepared to go to a Court of Law and prove that you did. Or unless they were bought in your name or in the joint names of your husband and yourself. Otherwise, if it ever came to the crunch of deciding who is legally entitled to what, you wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

The fault, of course, lies with the law which at present governs family property.* Based on the principle of separate property, it states quite simply that what is yours is yours and what belongs to your husband belongs to him alone. The accidental fact of your being married to each other makes not the slightest bit of difference.

Historically, the concept of separate property, introduced via The Married Women's Property Act of 1882, was an important contribution towards the movement for the emancipation of married women. It abolished the common law rule that the wedding ceremony deprived a woman of all legal capacity and handed over all her property (except freehold land) to her husband. But, then as now, the principal value of the Act must be to the tiny minority of women who own property before marriage, for the equality of power which it allows between husband and wife to own and administer property separately, however nice it may sound, is made meaningless by the fact that it fails to be accompanied by equality of opportunity. A married woman, especially if she has young children, has considerable less opportunity than her husband — or indeed than an unmarried woman — to acquire property.

It is more than likely that she may not be able to earn at all, or that her working life will frequently be interrupted by her family responsibilities. She may only be able to work part-time. But the law takes no account of this. With its emphasis on financial contribution it totally ignores the fact



that marriage is a form of partnership to which husband and wife both contribute, each in a different way, and that the contribution of each is equally important. For this reason, the law is unfair. It is also uncertain.

In the normal course of a marriage, the question of who owns what does not generally arise. It is only when the marriage ends, either by death or divorce or legal separation that it becomes vital for both parties to know what their rights and obligations are.

And here the law is unclear. The powers of the courts in

these matters are discretionary; it is up to the judge to decide as he thinks just in each individual case. And since each case is heard in secret and no public report is ever issued, there is no way of knowing what he is likely to decide. The onus is on the wife to prove what her contribution has been or to show that some kind of formal agreement existed between her husband and herself whereby she was entitled to a share of the property.

Of course, a wife could safeguard herself by insisting on her right during marriage to

be supported by her husband and keep all her own earnings to buy property in her own name. But such grasping wives are few and far between. A married woman is far more likely, in fact, to use her earnings to pay for things like food or children's clothes or family holidays while her husband pays the mortgage instalments and has responsibility for the more expensive household acquisitions, such as furniture or kitchen gadgets. As a result, when it comes to deciding who is entitled to what at the end of the marriage, the wife stands before the law dependant and propertyless. Her only right is to go to the court and ask for help.

Since the passing of The Matrimonial Proceedings and Property Act of 1970 the courts have enjoyed increased powers in dealing with family property. On the grant of a divorce or nullity or legal separation they can now order a husband to make financial provision for his wife by a settlement of property as well as by a lump sum or periodic payments. So family property can now be redistributed by the court to support a propertyless wife, taking into account the separate contributions made by husband and wife to the welfare of the family 'including any contribution made by looking after the home or caring for the family'.

This is a big step forward but it still does not go nearly far enough. A wife still has no rights of property, only the right to apply to the court to exercise its discretion in her favour. And, of course, the above powers of redistribution only apply in cases of divorce,

nullity or legal separation. It is ironic to note that in some cases the court has greater power to order provision for a divorced woman than it has for a widow.

A widow only has legal rights of inheritance when her husband has failed to leave a will.

Then she is entitled to all his personal chattels (which may include anything from a stable of racehorses to a fountain pen) plus a fixed net sum of up to £8,750 and a life interest in half the remainder of the estate, unless there are no children or other dependants, in which case she takes all. If, however, her husband does leave a will in which he fails either accidentally or on purpose to provide adequately for her needs, she has no fixed rights. Like her divorced cousin, all she can do is apply to the courts for family provision.

In most cases, the court has the power to disregard the will in order to make provision for a surviving wife, but there are other cases in which the will cannot be touched. So it is still possible in this country for a man to bequeath his entire estate to the Cats' Home and leave his wife and family destitute. In other countries,



such as Scotland and Italy, both wives and children have rights of inheritance which override any will that a husband may have left. In England, however, it would appear that the law considers a man's freedom to dispose of his property as he wishes to be of greater importance than his duty to provide for his wife and children. It becomes more and more obvious that the laws governing family property in this country are in need of a gigantic overhaul.

Italy and Scotland are not the



only two countries with family property laws which would appear to make more humane sense than our own. Many countries now have laws which make far more appropriate provisions for the property rights of women than our separate property rule — notably West Germany, Norway, Denmark and Holland, whose laws are based on the principle of Community of Property. The systems vary, but according to Dr. Olive Stone, Reader in Law at London School of Economics, the one which makes most sense and which would probably be most suitable for adoption by this country is the West German system.

More a Community of Gains than a full Community of Property, it in effect allows that a husband and wife own property separately during marriage and that they share at the end of it. Basically, the idea is that when husband and wife enter into marriage the family kitty is empty — any property owned by either party before the ceremony remains his or her separate property — and when the marriage ends, either by death, divorce or legal separation, the net gains made by both parties during the marriage are calculated and whichever spouse has the greater part must give the other half the balance so that each is left with an equal share in the property.

The advantages of such a system are obvious. For a start,

it recognises marriage as a partnership in which the assets built up by the two parties during the marriage should be shared equally at the end of it,

while at the same time, by excluding from the community any property owned before marriage, avoiding the danger of marriage being used as a

conveyance of property which is surely something it was never meant to be.

It also avoids the pitfalls of a system of Full Community of Property as practised in France, whereby all property of both husband and wife becomes the equal property of both on marriage. This immediately raises the problem of who should have the right to administer the property, and since it would be impractical for both to have equal right (one can envisage a situation where a husband would require his wife's permission before paying a taxi fare), invariably in countries where this system exists the right to deal with the community property during marriage is restricted to one spouse — the husband.



It has been suggested that since in the majority of cases the most important, and possibly the only, piece of property which a family possesses is the home that much of the unfairness and uncertainty of the present system could be overcome by the introduction of automatic co-ownership of the home. But, although such a system would go part of the way towards the solving the problem, the fact that it would be restricted to the ownership of the home would mean that the large percentage of families who rent their homes rather than buy would not be covered. A system of Community of Gains would, on the other hand, cover all property in all circumstances. Whether a marriage ended by death or divorce a wife would no longer need to go to court to ask for help. Her right to a share in the family property would already exist.

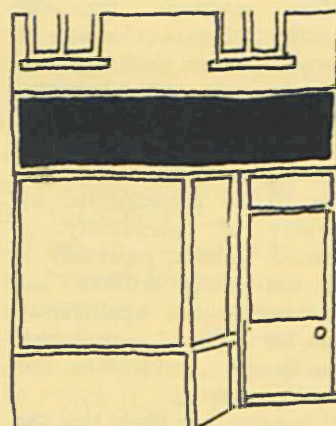
Of course, one can argue that at present the discretionary powers of the courts allow each case to be judged on its individual merits, or that such a system might lead to a wife

whose contribution to the marriage had been nil or who had failed to fulfil her matrimonial obligations receiving benefit which she did not deserve. But surely

no woman should have to rely on the discretion of a judge to decide what her rights are.

Nor should she have to rely only on her right to be supported. The present law treats the married woman as a dependant. Dependence is for infants and imbeciles. A system of Community of Gains would once and for all lift her from 'the unholy trinity of infants, imbeciles and married women' and recognise her as an equal partner in marriage with an equal entitlement to share in the assets acquired during marriage. It would confer upon her security and a new status.

Of course, as D. Stone points out, such proposals are bound to meet with bitter male opposition. A husband who decides to trade his wife in for a newer model is not going to like it when he discovers he only has half the property he thought he had. Some women have suggested that we can overcome the opposition by being patient and biding our time. Eventually, if we made no fuss, the opposition will die down and then in five or six years' time something will be done. But, like Dr. Stone, I see no virtue in being patient. We have put up with this injustice long enough. On the contrary, I see every virtue in demanding that the situation be put right now.



*For a fuller account of the present law and suggestions for its reform see the Law Commission Published Working Paper No. 42, Family Property Law. Available from the Law Commission, 37/38 John Street, Theobalds Road, London, WC1.

Education

A generation of TV critics

Fierce attacks have been made on the standards of British teaching. Dr Eric Midwinter, educational advisor to the Home Office, said in a report that teachers spend far too much time passing useless information to unwilling children. In particular Dr Midwinter attacked the teaching of French, which he says 'produces children who are illiterate in two languages instead of just one,' and also such subjects as history and geography which he claimed are as much use and of as much relevance as memorising three volumes of War and Peace. He argues that the school curriculum is irrelevant to the needs of today; 'education should produce committed citizens, decent neighbours, articulated consumers and interested parents. It would be more worthwhile to turn out a generation of critical TV viewers than to leave things as they are now.'

Complacent carpenters

According to Stephanie Litchfield, Britain's first female woodwork teacher, girls are far better carpenters than most boys. 'Boys,' she says, 'are often too complacent and pleased with poor standards in their practical work. Girls, on the other hand are very meticulous and show far more talent and imagination in design..'

Revolution or Civilisation

The problem of the jobless graduate continues to be a thorn in the side of the education authorities. The only 'optimistic' news is that 'graduates have at last begun to realise that they do not go to university for a meal ticket, education is a benefit and highly educated society offers the best hope for a civilised way of life' ... but they just can't make up their minds for the other side of the argument

is that 'graduates who cannot find a satisfactory level of employment will form a class of malcontents: and disenchanted intellectuals are a powerful force in bringing about revolution in previously well ordered societies!'

Pregnant pupils

An unforeseen outcome of raising the school leaving age to 16 may well prove to be the number of school girl mothers. At the last count there were four 11-year old mothers, nine aged 12, 25 aged 13 and 214 14-year old mothers. There were also 1,184 15-year old mothers, and 5,652 pregnancies involving girls of 16. So far the education authorities have not come up with any real plans as to how they are going to cope with this.

School snacks

Nobody likes school meals, but do you really know what is in them? A recent investigation by the British Medical Journal yielded the following results: out of 722 randomly selected meals that were examined for protein and vitamin content only 70 percent reached the vitamin and 57 per cent reached the required protein level. The sugar content in school meals was found to be 'extremely high, causing tooth decay, and obesity leading to heart diseases' and in one school, sugar provided one third of the energy content of the meals. This makes breakfast all the more important!

Child suicides

'Children are the latest victims of the rat race' claims Ivor Mills, head of medicine at Cambridge University. 'They are cracking up at an alarming rate under competitive stress, largely due to their parents pushing them beyond their limits at an early age. The number of suicides among very young children has risen steeply over the past ten years, we must now make steps to counteract this'. So far this has been all talk and no action, but we must wait and see.

Medical

A mere £50

A new scheme announced by the Government will enable married women doctors bringing up children to maintain their links with the medical profession.

From September an annual retainer of £50 will be payable to any women under 55 who is raising a family so that she can cover her expenses until resuming full-time practice.

The retainer will enable her to maintain her name on the General Medical Council's register, keep up membership of a medical defence union (a form of insurance) and subscribe to a professional journal.

In return she will be expected to do a small number of clinical sessions, which will be paid for, and to attend post-graduate medical education sessions.

About 2,500 of the 20,000 GPs in England are women and some 800 women doctors qualify every year. Since almost all of these marry before they begin practising, the new plan, called the Women Doctors' Retainer Scheme, can be seen as a small incentive to attract back into medicine some of the thousands of trained women doctors the health service urgently needs.

The scheme has been hailed as 'absolutely splendid' by the Medical Women's Federation. But it is doubtful if the women the plan is aiming at will echo this enthusiasm. As one woman doctor said, 'What's £50 a year? If the Government was serious, it would set the figure a lot higher.'

The flying Fosters

A 'flying squad' of mobile foster mothers will start operating soon from Glamorgan's Social Services Department at Bridgend.

The idea is that they help out in homes where the children would otherwise have to be taken into care, because of the

illness, either at home or in hospital, of the mother.

The idea came up when it was discovered that a high proportion of children were there simply because their mother was ill and unable to look after them.

The foster mothers will be paid between £1,155 and £1,431.

Lunch time abortion

The first lunchtime abortion centre in Wales should be opening soon in Cardiff. If successful, it will be followed by others in Newport and Swansea.

The Welsh Hospital Board is making this move because of the shortage of hospital beds, and the high demand.

The last set of statistics released by the Registrar General showed that Wales was the third easiest region in the country to get an abortion, and almost all of them took place in NHS hospitals.

The reason for this has not yet been discovered, and as Wales is as religious a region as any, it could be expected that religious opposition would be as strong there as anywhere.

The most likely theory that has been put forward is that the depressed economic conditions — particularly of the mining valleys — which affects both the health and the social background of the people, means that a larger than normal number of abortions are, in fact, needed.

CARMEN CALLIL
LIMITED



'There's not enough Strings
to my bow' J. Pacey 1967

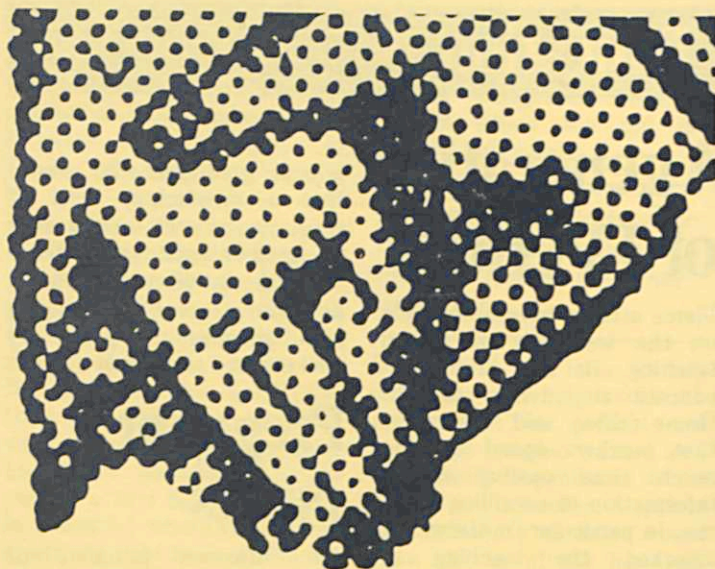
27 SMITH STREET LONDON SW3 4EW
TELEPHONE 01 352 6634

Fashions for the future

'Purple with turquoise sashed snugly at the waist with a matching multi-color print? Aquamarine piped in black? Persimmon worn with accessories of one's own choice?'. No, not a regular advertising hype, but a description of 'prison fashions for the future' as projected by Dwight women's prison, USA.

The 'cheerful garb', as one fashion columnist described the clothes, was shown at a recent three day seminar on self improvement, held in New York for the benefit of prison instructors from 10 states. According to Harry H. Woodward Jr., who was running the seminar, 'Self esteem through femininity' courses are being

given in 29 prisons at a cost of about 50,000 dollars. Women prisoners are taught how to improve their appearance and speech and how to conduct job interviews. No mention was made however, of an equally generous amount of money being spent on training the women to *do* any of the jobs they were being groomed for.



Laid up in Belfast

If you don't happen to fancy an evening being trampled on by army boots at a British army discotheque, the only alternative entertainment for a Belfast girl is to hang around the hotels Europa and Hamill where the world's press are staying. There are now a large number of Irish ladies, affectionately known as newsies, who spend their evenings picking up different journalists for a night's fun. Unfortunately, one of the outcomes of this has been the spread of foreign brands of VD. Many of the reporters, fresh from Vietnam and other exotic places, are suffering from such afflictions as Saigon Rose, which the newsies pass on to other reporters. Wartime seems to have crumpled the strict morality of Belfast. To quote one reporter 'Belfast is the easiest place in the world to get laid'.



Firsts for women

Mrs Jill Hills, labour council member for Colchester, was allowed an extra 50p per hour for paying for a baby sitter.

Madame Nicole de Haute-clocque, aged 50, was elected the first female mayor of Paris.

Sally Priesand — ordained as the first American woman rabbi. 'It is one of the true tests of Reform Judaism' said Alfred Gottschalk of the Jewish Institute of religion' the fact that every woman is equal with men in the community of the Lord.

Who wears the trousers?

The men wear the trousers in the Rhondda — at least they do in the Ystrad office of the Glamorgan county council careers service.

The girls have been banned from wearing slacks and trouser suits to the office.

The ruling have been made by their boss Mr Ashley Curry, and the girls have complained to their union, the National Association of Local Government Officers.

Union officers have investigated and discovered that there is no county council ruling on the matter. It is left to the head of department concerned.

The last that was heard of the matter, Mr Curry had still not relented.

Kill or Cure?

Susana Raby

Hundreds of millions of painkillers are swallowed every year with scarcely a second thought. But we may be doing ourselves a great disservice in reaching for the nearest bottle of analgesic when we have a headache, toothache or hangover.

It is common knowledge that aspirin can irritate the lining of the intestinal tract and aggravate, or even cause, ulcers if taken over a prolonged period. What is seldom realised, though, is that aspirin can cause chronic bleeding. About 70 per cent of patients taking aspirin by mouth show evidence of alimentary blood loss, and in one study an average daily loss of about 4 millilitres was found. Anaemia therefore becomes a real danger to add to gastrointestinal bleeding. Soluble aspirin is slightly less irritant than the non-soluble variety but is still best avoided, except perhaps in painful inflammatory conditions like arthritis, where it can reduce the swelling. Aspirin can also lower a temperature, but it is worth remembering that fever, like pain, serves a useful physiological purpose and is better heeded than suppressed.

Phenacetin enjoyed a vogue for years as a ubiquitous, and supposedly harmless, painkiller. It was included in a good many of the patent medicines available over the counter. But by 1965 such a mass of information had accumulated in the medical literature showing that it could cause severe kidney damage that the Phar-

maceutical Society warned drug firms that it would be preferable to leave it out of patent medicines. As a result phenacetin is generally now available only on prescription and the over-the-counter painkillers which used to contain it have been reformulated.

In many cases the chemical that has taken the place of phenacetin in patent products is paracetamol, a strong favourite in the analgesic stakes. Even doctors who mutter words of warning about aspirin or codeine (which is apt to cause constipation) praised the efficacy and safety of paracetamol. But two recent cases of irreversible liver damage following paracetamol overdoses may just curb this enthusiasm. Granted, complications from overdoses cannot be compared to the results of prolonged medication, but these instances may have given doctors a clue about the action of paracetamol and sounded an overdue note of caution.

Avoid painkillers whenever possible — above all don't rely on them to replace rest or a doctor's opinion — but if you must take them, do so consciously. Start looking at the formulae of patent products. For 'salicylate' read 'aspirin', and don't be surprised to discover that cold remedies, cough mixtures, and even your favourite hangover helper, as well as lots of other products, contain common painkillers.

correction to 'What Emily Did' in July issue:

The date of the Hyde Park Rally was 1908 not 1902

Killing no Murder : continued

shalt take proper care of thy own health and life'. People sin against that part of the commandment every time they light a cigarette or eat saturated fats or drink too much or hit their favourite drug be it caffeine or cocaine or overwork themselves, either for mere money or for Oxfam. The woman who submits her body to the powerful and mysterious chemistry of the contraceptive pill commits a sin against the commandment every time. Childbirth, inasmuch as it is much more dangerous than abortion, especially if we consider what proportion of the abortion risk is due to anaesthetic procedures, is a greater sin against that part of the commandment.

Abortion is killing right enough, but killing what? Is it more like killing a fly or killing a Vietnamese peasant? Or is it like torturing the fish for nourishment? How much regret is appropriate? Such difficulties have been called inconsistencies, but really they are paradoxes. Those of us who hope to be moral beings cannot shirk the discomfort of the paradoxes and skulk in the security of a rule, especially not if we intend the rule to apply mostly to other people's behaviour. It does seem that the killing of a foetus involves more the later it happens; it might have something to do with the development of the brain synapses in the organism, as well as its developing potential for separate life. The distinction is something like the one we make between the death of a fly and the death of a cat and the death of a child. I would flatly disallow the killing of born human beings against their will on any pretext, judicial or military or hygienic. One of the paradoxes is that most pro-abortionists are anti-war and most anti-abortionists are not anti-war. Fellow-killer, how does it seem to you?

Copyright 1972 — Germaine Greer

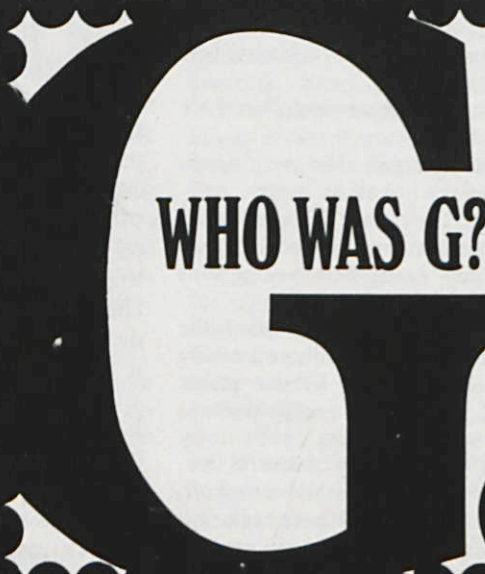
REVIEWS

Books



G. By John Berger, published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson, £2.50. Embedded in John Berger's novel is a narrative thread; it winds tautly throughout the book, its relative slightness given body by the way it is interwoven with its personal and political historical location. G. is a young man, the product of a liaison between an Italian candied fruit merchant and a wealthy American lady, who, after his birth, came to London, took up Fabian Socialism and for years refused to allow the father to see his child. G was brought up by relatives, and two events in his early years have important consequences: the first is where two men force him to watch them killing a horse (power/violence), the second is when at the age of fifteen his Aunt Beatrice seduces him (power/sex). As an adult G. is self-obsessed, dedicated to sex and the manipulation and conquest of women. When the outbreak of World War One is announced, all he can think of is hurrying to London where he intends to pick up and console the women who have been left behind after their husbands have gone to war.

However, Berger doesn't just tell us a



**G. A New Novel by
JOHN BERGER**

WHO WAS G? DON JUAN?

£2.50

Weidenfeld & Nicolson



story and use it to convey messages. While following a straight 'novel' idea — that of focussing on one person's life and actions — he presents this life to us as at the centre of a web of experience: behind G is his family history and the events of his childhood. Behind this is the whole of European political history at the beginning of the century. And pervading all these elements is Berger the writer, facing and sharing with us the problems he faces as a writer trying to render ideas and perceptions of the world in a work of art. His technique is a staccato style of short sections in which he constantly changes his vantage point on, and relationship to the story. The effect this technique has on the story is to give us running comment by juxtaposition and suggestion. One of G.'s friends is an aviator who dies after crossing the Alps; his achievement as an adventurer is counterposed to G's adventures as a philanderer. By implication we weigh up the relative value of their actions. Similarly Berger discourses on some of the ideas current in Women's Liberation, by stating, as well as showing, how women are permanently unreal; how they are constantly trying to see themselves as particular men see them at a particular time, trying to live up to men's images of them. Thus in a sense while they collude with G and allow him to manipulate them, the entire situation is unreal because both sides are playing games, assuming roles. In the case of G we can see that being a Don Juan is not only meaningless but downright dangerous; his narcissism blinds him to the realities of a political crisis and he trips over his own desires into a sticky end.

Berger is sometimes detached from his material, sometimes closely involved; but he never allows us to be carried off into a world of sublimating fantasy. He constantly pulls back from the narrative to convey to us a sense of our own detachment, and we are forced to assess an individual life in terms of the totality of its context. The ease with which the distancing happens conceals the complexity of thought which has gone into

structuring the book. Occasionally the intellectual detachment seems inadequate; if one is used to reading more conventional novels one wants to get more emotionally involved with the characters. But this isn't a light holiday read; it's a poised and challenging book.

Micheline Wandor

Movies

In his films Steve Dwoskin inadvertently shows more about the condition of women than most directors in any films now or in the past: inadvertently, because women are not his prime concern — his themes are general and concerned with loneliness, oppression and above all vulnerability. He has made a dozen or so movies including 'Asleep', 'Alone', and now 'Dyn Amo'.

'Dyn Amo' is set in a strip club and its subjects are the strippers and their audience. Unlike most narrative films in which tension and intensity are all part of the action, 'Dyn Amo' demands participation and involvement, so that the suffering of those in the strip club becomes one's own suffering. The film, especially towards the end, is harrowing. Each girl is stripped both physically and emotionally of all pretence. They start out with garish make up and clothes to match and end up in the condition they were trying to hide, that is total vulnerability. The men who torment them retain to the end the facades that mark their obvious impotence. At the end four of the men hold sparklers over the fallen nude, symbolising her total downfall and their apparent superiority.

In 'Dyn Amo' Dwoskin sees women as victims, not only of men and of the system, but of themselves. Much of his work has been finding out women's attitudes to life and love, and this is why women often find his films compulsive, if disconcerting, viewing. In his earlier films he discovered an empathy between himself and his subjects, which was for him a substitute for personal involvement, but which now has enabled him to

understand himself and others more fully.

'Dyn Amo' won first award at the Toulon festival this year, but was deemed 'too experimental' to be considered for an award at Cannes. It will be showing in various cinema clubs in London in August, and will be going on circuit around England after that.

Ros Spain

Records

HONKY CHATEAU (DMJ Records)
Elton John.

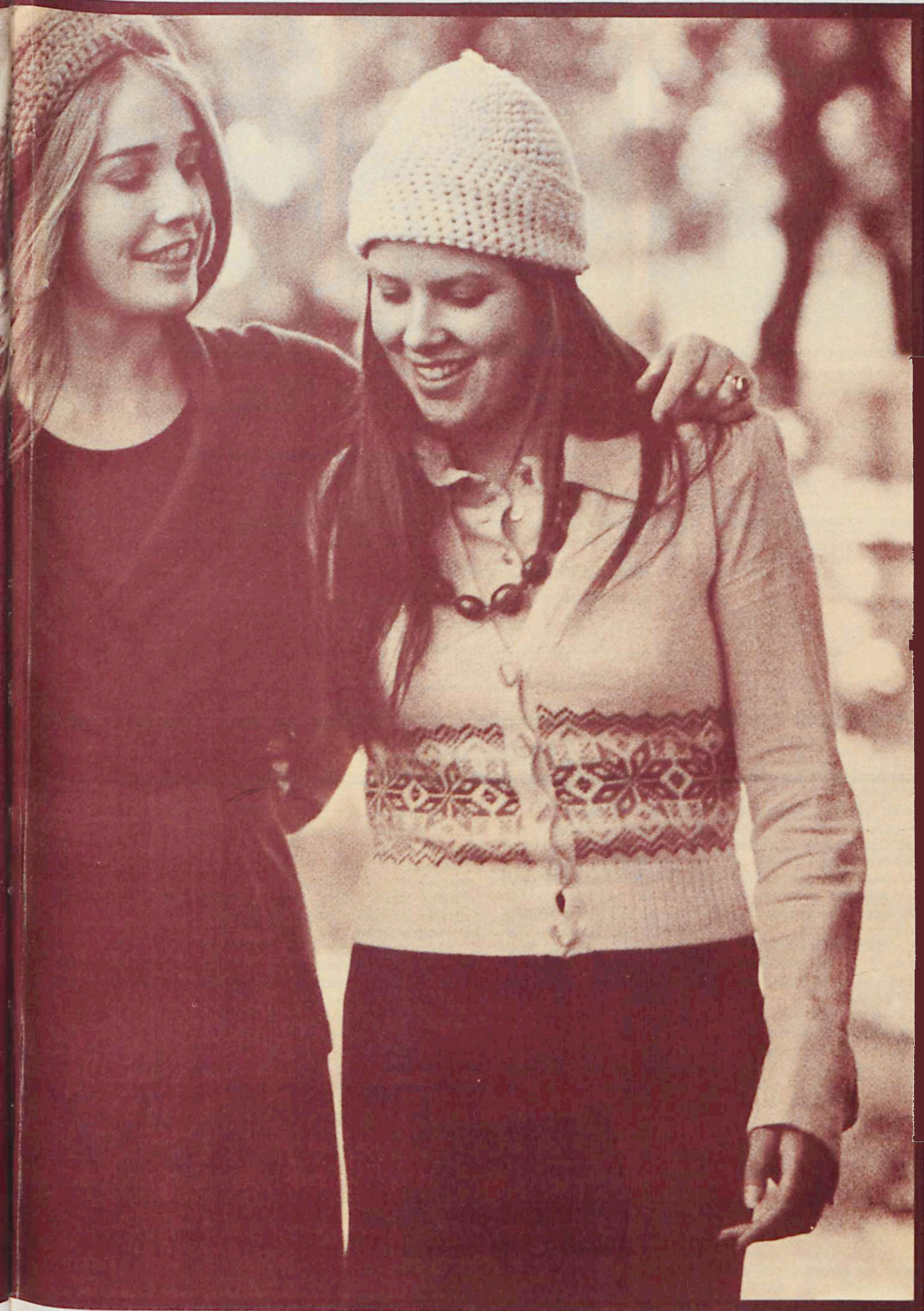
Happy — Honky Tonk — Cartoon — Bar Room are some of the words that come to mind. I was listening to this record smiling, because it's really fun to listen to. I really like the way he sees things and sings things. It sounds like he doesn't have to push it, his voice glides through the songs. Bernie Taupin and Elton John wrote all the songs on the album. They say what they have to say simply, but with their own surprise way of seeing stuff. There's a sensitivity to each song's needs (what mood needs what instruments), so the tracks all sound different from each other. On one called, *Think I'm gonna Kill Myself*, there's a real live tap dance.

OH HOW WE DANCED (Island Records)
Jim Capaldi.

Jim Capaldi was the drummer for Traffic. On this album he heads an all-star cast, among them, Chris Wood, Dave Mason, and Steve Winwood. All the songs but one were written by Jim Capaldi. He plays the guitar and piano, and he co-produced the album with Chris Blackwell. There's some great dance-to music in it. The production is full and clear. He's a good singer, but it sounds like he could go a little further with it, (except on a track called *How Much Can a Man Really Take*, which is real intense). The musicians go off into nice instrumentals at the end of some songs. Real live melodic instrumentals, not just psychedelic freak-outs. The last track is a surprise rendition of that old favourite, *Oh How We Danced*. O—Ian Shepherd



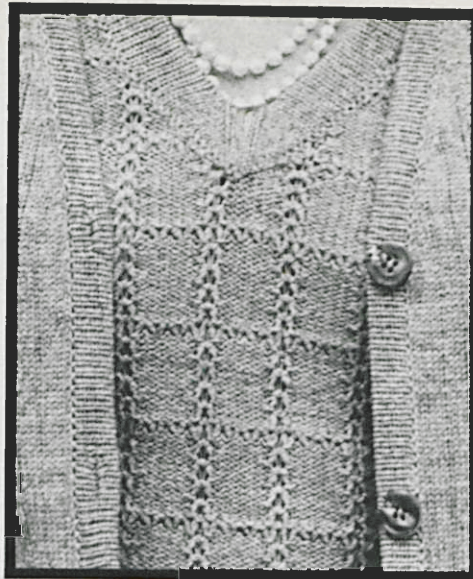
Patterns for the woolly minded: *by Polly Hamilton photographs by Carroline Arbour. Get your needles and s*



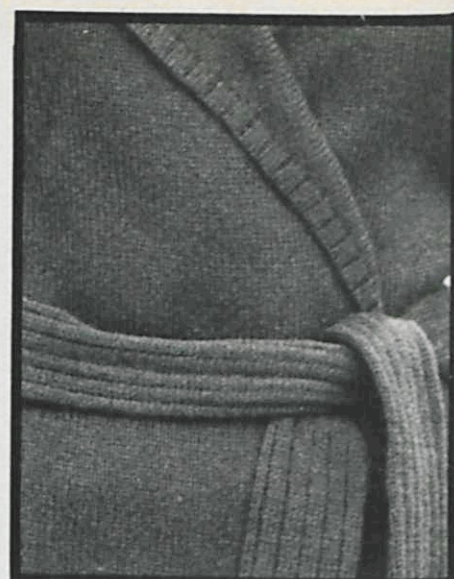
and see how good it feels to wear clothes you've made yourself. These knits are designed for Spare Rib by Avril Highley of Knitmaster.



A button-through waistcoat with a border pattern in cream Jonelle 4-ply wool.



V-neck pullover with long sleeves and matching skinny cardigan. Both knitted in grey 4-ply Jonell wool available from all branches of John Lewis.



Wrap-over cardigan with tie belt, knitted in brown Jager Celtic spun. Available from most big stores and wool shops.

All other clothes and accessories are from Biba's, Kensington High Street, London W.8.

Hats, all about £1, from Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond Street, London W1.

Just fill in the form below and we'll send you the patterns free. Sizes range from 32" to 38" and although we suggest certain wools you can use any 4-ply you might have hanging around.

Please enclose a large, stamped addressed envelope for your free pattern and allow a fortnight for delivery.

I would like the following patterns:

- 1 _____ Name _____
- 2 _____ Address _____
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Classifieds

■ **Interior Design** – Alternative employment or part-time career? Our home study course on interior design leading to the Diploma will give you all the information necessary to pursue this fascinating, rewarding career. Prospectus from Dept. SR, Rhodes International, BCM/Rhodes, London WC1 or telephone 01-242 2320.

■ **Work to Abolish Prisons** – Join RAP (Radical Alternatives to Prison). Volunteer to help in project groups (Young Offenders Study Group, Holloway Campaign Group, Practical Alternatives Schemes etc). Additional information from RAP, 104 Newgate Street, London EC1. 01-600 4793.

■ **Bit Free** information and help service 141 Westbourne Park Road London W.11. 01-229 8219. Office open 10am -

■ **Black Information Centre** 301 Portobello Road, London, W.11. 01-969 4123. Books, posters and any information regarding Metro trial.

■ Woman in Town.

If you enjoy reading Spare Rib then you'll want to listen to BBC Radio London's programme for women 'Woman in Town'.

This is a daily 45-minute magazine programme for women of all ages and viewpoints and can be heard all over South East England. Our aims are not only to stimulate, inform and entertain but to make you aware of your rights and powers as an individual in our particular society. That's why we enquire into various aspects of the consumer market, why we talked to railway men's wives in the recent rail dispute, why we examine our rights with regard to marriage

■ **Gay Women's Liberation Group** meets every Wednesday 7.30pm. For venue phone GLF office: 01-837 7174; Women's Liberation Workshop: 01-437 6118; or Gillian & Julia: 01-837 4502. Also discussions, meetings and social activities.

and parenthood. We've tackled abortion, contraception, agrophobia and nursery education, and this is all tempered with keep-fit exercises, book, film and magazine reviews, cookery and medical advice. We look at places of interest in London, meet interesting people and encourage listeners to join in, so if you like the sound of all this, tune in to Woman in Town, BBC Radio London on 95.3 VHF, Mon. - Friday - 9.30 - 11.30 a.m. Starting with an hour of music, then, after the news at 10.30, there's 45 minutes of stimulating chat and at 11.20 there's a story for the under fives. It is repeated Mon. - Friday at 7.35 p.m.

■ **Gay Liberation Front:** For information about dances, benefits etc ring 01-837 7174.

■ **Help** – free pregnancy testing; abortion/contraception/VD advice. Contact: Help, 10 South Wharf Road, London W2. 01-402 5231.

■ **People Not Psychiatry** – emotional help available from people who've been through it themselves; encounter groups etc. Contact: PNP, 18 Russell Gardens Mews, London W.14. 01-603 4042.

■ **Street Aid** is moving to new premises in Covent Garden and needs volunteers for a) helping to redo our building, b) work in our office, c) help run a number of workshops – posters/theatre/puppets/film etc. Experience working with kids useful. Financial help also welcome! Street Aid News (12 pages) with articles on Covent Garden, the West End, Urban Crisis etc., 15p. Ring 01-930 4200, or write to 13 Shelton Street, London WC2.

Classified advertising rates: 5p per word, box numbers 50p. Must be pre-paid and sent to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS. Spare Rib reserves the right to refuse classified ads. Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to Spare Ribs Ltd.

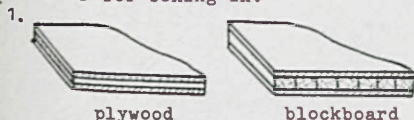
SPARE PARTS

WOOD AND HOW TO USE IT. (PART 2).

There are two basic categories of timber: Hardwood and Softwood. These terms are in fact biological and don't always relate to the density of the wood (eg, Balsa wood is classed as a hardwood.)

Generally hardwood is used for cabinet making and internal woodwork where a fine polish is important, eg Mahogany. Softwood is used for building construction and general carpentry, joinery. Plywood consists of three (3 ply) or more thin layers of wood (veneers) glued together with the grain of each at right angles to the other. These prevent warping. It is usually bought in large sheets. Birch faced, Douglas fir plywood, 5ft x 5ft, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick: £4.10 approx.

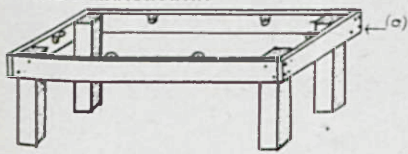
As with blockboard and chipboard, it looks a lot better if the edges are faced with strips of thin wood (laths) fixed with glue & panel pins. This also protects the ends. It is best used for structures as kitchen cabinets or for boxing in.



Blockboard is made from small strips of softwood glued edge to edge with a sheet of veneer on either side. It is also sold in large sheets and is very good for table tops (Birch faced blockboard 6ft x 4ft x $\frac{1}{2}$ " is approx £4.32.) Hardboard is from shredded wood which has been compressed. This is flimsy and thin plywood looks a lot better unless you are going to paint it. However it is usually used as a cheap alternative to plywood: 6ft x 4ft x $\frac{1}{8}$ " is only about 60p.

If you want a fairly large table top, a door blank is well worth getting. They are made from a wooden frame work faced with either hardboard or different types of plywood, eg, hardboard faced 6ft x 2ft x $1\frac{3}{8}$ " is £2.30 and Plywood faced of the same size is £3.44 (all the above prices are approximate, and they seem to go up about every 6 months).

- Simple base for table top, showing small brackets to screw on top from underneath.



JOINING WOOD

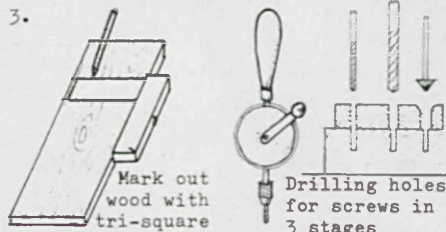
If you expect to be dismantling the piece to move it, don't use glue. Wood adhesives fall into three main types: animal glues, synthetic glues and specialist purpose glues. The animal glues need lengthy preparation, are not widely available any more and smell terrible. Synthetic glues: Casagmite glue which is a white powder to be mixed with water before use.. The most widely used and the easiest is Evostick Resin W. Woodworking glue. It is available at almost any hardware store and you just squeeze it on. It also washes off the wood with a damp rag if done straight away.

Impact glue is very strong and is used at its best when sticking down formica etc. But you must place it exactly

right the first go, as once the surfaces come into contact it is very hard to move.

Whenever joining two bits of wood, even when using screws, use glue unless you intend to dismantle the piece in the future.

NAILS. They really aren't worth using if you want a strong join. They are OK when used as temporary fixtures, such as holding two bits of wood while you drill the pilot hole for a screw, or for fences of floorboards. In any structure that takes strain or pressure the nails will work loose. If you are using thin plywood or hardboard join it with glue & panel pins.



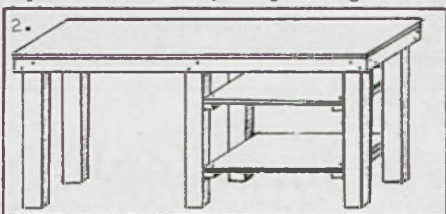
SCREWS. There are so many different sorts that it is best to ask at the store which one you need for the particular job. (Also see the last issue of Spare RIB for screwing techniques.)

FINISHES ON WOOD

One of the nicest things about using wood is the vast number of different effects you can get with it, if you treat it with respect. When choosing which sort of wood you are going to use, bear in mind what sort of finish you want (blockboard and plywood have no interesting grain to them) and whether your structure is going to get a lot of wear like a table top. Whatever the final finish, start with sandpapering thoroughly.

SANDPAPER. If using planks or sheets of wood, glass-paper all over, starting with a coarse paper and working down to a fine one, paying particular attention to the edges. If you are using blockboard or plywood just concentrate on the edges. To get a very good smooth finish it is worth rubbing down the surface between each coat of paint or varnish with a fine flour paper to provide a key for the next coat and to rub off the ridges made by the brush.

PLAIN WOOD. This is lovely but totally impractical for anything that gets a



lot of use. You can oil it with linseed oil which unfortunately always leaves a slightly sticky surface. Good for workbenches though.

VARNISH. I think the best is the Polyurethane varnishes either matt or gloss. It is very hard after a few coats, and heat resistant. For a high gloss finish you must sandpaper between coats and leave it to dry properly each time.

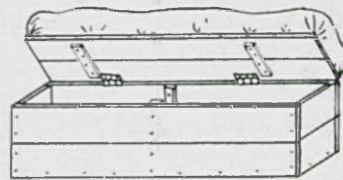
You can buy wood stains in virtually any colour, and if possible buy one which is also a varnish.

PAINT. When painting wood it is much best to use a wood primer first. Paint straight onto wood tends to raise the grain of the wood and you

then don't get a smooth surface.

(If you have children around who are apt to chew table legs etc, it might be advisable to check that the paint doesn't contain lead.)

Two ways of putting in hinges for box 5.

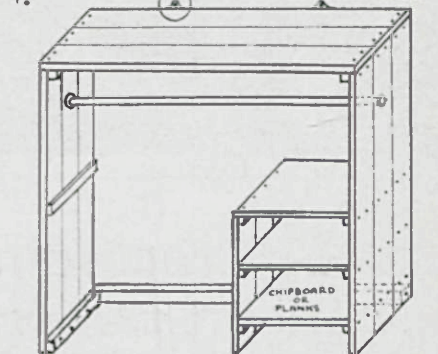
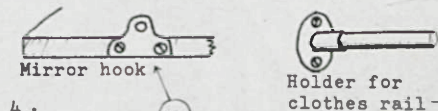


Long box with covered lid

HOW TO MAKE TABLE + WARDROBE

First do a drawing of EXACTLY how you are going to make your structure. Work out ALL the measurements of each different piece, allowing for overlaps on table corners. Start with the frame (a) marking out wood at exactly right angles with the tri square (Fig 3). Allow for saw cut and cut to furthest side of your line. Cut legs SQUARE. Drill pilot holes in frame and into legs as in Fig 3. When attaching table top, put it upside down on the floor, place frame on top, mark through little brackets, drill pilot holes and screw on with screws shorter than the thickness of the table top.

For the open wardrobe (Fig 4), the top should be attached to the wall with mirror hooks if it is going to take a lot of weight. The rail, if of wood of 1" diameter and longer than 3ft, must be supported in the middle. Clothes are amazingly heavy. A metal rod is stronger. When working out the measurements allow for the skirting board and cut out a piece of the bottom back plank if necessary.



All the above information and ideas are for simple structures requiring no joints, and simple tools. For more complex work there are usually very good books in libraries on woodwork and joinery; but you will need a vice to hold the wood and sets of chisels etc. A lot of work can be done very simply with variations on the themes above, using only a drill, saw, tri square and pencil.

Good luck!

Stephanie Gilbert

*"That music,
and that hour you get up
is all" on stage,*
— JANIS JOPLIN —



The recordings of Janis Joplin's concert career cover literally miles of tape, and it's taken more than a year to choose the best. This album illuminates the finest moments of the finest nights of her life.



the music people

JOPLIN IN CONCERT

including
Piece Of My Heart Summertime Down On Me
Try (Just A Little Bit Harder) Ball And Chain



JOPLIN IN CONCERT

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